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MRS. DYMOND.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT PHRAISIE.

THE sound of children's footsteps pattering about the house is perhaps the sweetest music that has ever fallen on listening mothers' ears, or that their hearts have ever kept time to. When Susanna Dymond first heard her little Phraisie's merry heels stumping overhead her first waking hours seemed to brim over with happiness. The thought of her little one seemed to shine in her face, to beam from her eyes—some indescribable new charm was hers. She was shy, her beauty used to fade in the presence of strangers and uncongenial people; it shone and gathered and brightened for those of her own home, for her husband, her step-children, her own little one. Small and young as Phraisie was, she seemed to fill the whole big house at Crowbeck from her early morning to her no less early evening, for Phraisie set with the sun in winter and went to roost in summertime with her favourite cocks and hens. She was a friendly, generous, companionable little soul. As soon as Phraisie was able to walk at all, it was her pleasure to trot up to the people she loved with little presents of her own contriving, bits of string, precious crusts, portions of her toys, broken off for the purposes of her generosity.

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"Da," says she, stuffing a doll's leg into her big sister's hand.

Phraisie was rather bored when poor Tempy suddenly caught her up, hugged her passionately, kissed her.

"A-da-da-dad; no, no," cries little sister, objecting and tearing out a handful of Tempy's red locks in self-defence.

Fayfay, as Phraisie called herself, was certainly one of the round pegs for which the round holes are waiting in the world—no hard sides, no square ill-fitting corners, but kind, soft nests, already lined with love and welcome. Miss Phraisie, perching on her mother's knee, took it all as a matter of course. How could she, little baby that she was, guess at the tender wild love which throbbed in her mother's heart, at the wonder and delight her father felt as he gazed at his pretty shrine of home and motherhood, at the sweet wife, the round, happy, baby face, and the little legs and arms struggling with jolly exuberance; and even old and wise and experienced as we are, and babies no longer, I wonder which of us could count up all the love which has been ours, all the fond looks, the tender, innocent pride which has been given. So Phraisie went her way, unembarrassed by false humility.

Tempy was devoted to the child, and seemed to find her best companionship with that small and cheerful

person. Tempy used to carry Fay-fay about in her arms all over the place, up into her room, out into the garden again, from the garden to the pigstye, from that fascinating spot, to the poultry yard, where the chickens were picketing round about the châteaux where their Cochin China mothers were confined, or to the stables where the puppies were squeaking in the straw. It would be hard to say, when the stable door opened, letting in the light and the crumbs of cake and Miss Phraisie and her capers, whether the puppies or Phraisie most enjoyed each other's society; these youthful denizens of Crowbeck seemed made for one another. She was not very unlike a little curly puppy herself in her ways, confident, droll, eager, expecting the whole world, from her father downward, to have nothing better to do than to play with her, to hide behind doors and curtains, to go down on all fours if need be. Josselin was almost as devoted to her as Tempy, but for the first two years of Miss Phraisie's existence he was very little at home. The first year and a half after his father's marriage he spent at a private tutor's; then came Cambridge and new interests and new life for the young man, while Tempy lived on still in the old life, and among the old thoughts and prospects. Phraisie was the one new life and interest in Crowbeck. For Tempy time did not efface old feelings, but only repeated those of the past more vividly each time. Perhaps her father took it for granted that because she was silent all was as he wished, and that she had ceased to think of Charles Bolsover, indeed one day he said as much with quiet satisfaction to Susanna, who looked a doubtful acquiescence. But Tempy was absolutely reserved about herself; neither to her inquiring Aunt Fanny, nor to her step-mother would she say one word. I think Phraisie was the only person to whom Tempy Dymond ever made any confidences.

"Don't ty To-to," said Phraisie one day, "toz it's vezzy naughty."

Tempy laughed, and began to play bo-peep behind the sheet of the *Times* which had made her cry; it was a June day *Times*, with Oxford and Cambridge lists in its columns. Phraisie couldn't read, and had never heard of any prize poem, except perhaps "See-Saw, Margery Daw," or she might have seen that Charles Bolsover of St. Boniface, was the prize poet of the year.

It was later in the afternoon of that same summer's day, that the Dymond family, tempted out by the beauty of the weather, in company with numerous other families of the earth and the air and the water, might have been seen quietly walking by the field-way towards Bolsover Hall. A message had come up from Aunt Fanny, stating that signs and tokens had arrived from the roving uncle, from the traveller—Peregrine Bolsover. These strange camphor-scented treasures used to appear from time to time, giving some clue to the donor's travels, whereabouts and mode of existence. He hated writing and preferred this means of communication with his friends. The colonel, who had business at Countyside and a dinner of county magnates at the Angel, meant to proceed thither by train after his visit to Bolsover, and the pony carriage had been ordered to fetch the ladies home at five o'clock. Poor Susy dreaded these tea-drinkings at Bolsover, but she could not always escape them.

Tempy was even more silent than usual, as she walked along the slope of the field, leading little Phraisie by the hand. At every step the child stooped to pick the heads of the delicate flowers that were sprinkling the turf with purple and white and golden dust.

The colonel walked on with Susanna. The hour was full of exquisite peace and tranquillity, a summer distance of gold moors and lilac fells was heaping against the pale blue heavens. As they cross the Crowbeck meadows (they lead by a short cut to the garden of the Hall), the soft

wind meets them blowing from across the lake and tossing the fragrance which still hangs from every hedge and bank and neighbouring cottage porch into their faces; white roses in sweet clusters, lilies from adjacent cottage gardens scent the highways; a little stream dashes across watering the green meadows on either side, and Phraise laughing and chattering is lifted over. The June fields are sumptuous with flowers and splendid weeds. Foxgloves stand in stately phalanx, full beds of meadow-sweet are waving, the blue heads of the forget-me-not cover the water's edge. A broad plank crosses the bubbling rivulet, and leads to the upslope and to the Bolsover farm beyond, where the cows are browsing or looking over the low walls that enclose their boundaries; a colony of ducks comes down to the water from under the farm gate, waddling, with beautiful white breasts.

"Dook, dook, pity 'itty quack-quacks, papa, dook," cries Phraise, setting off after her parents; and the colonel stops and looks at ducks with an interest he has not felt for half a century, while Susy, smiling, stands gazing at her little blue-eyed naturalist.

At Bolsover Hall Miss Phraise was a no less important member of the family than at Crowbeck Place. The good-natured squire delighted in visits from the little creature. He used to waylay her as she was walking up the avenue to the hall door, and bring her by the back-way into his private room, where he used to detain her by many interesting and rapidly following experiments—the click of pistols, red balls from the billiard table, whips, spurs, shiny noisy whirling objects of every possible description, until presently Mrs. Bolsover would appear, followed by a couple of Aunt Fanny's dogs, with a "Baby, baby, don't disturb your uncle;" and then the fickle Phraise, starting off in pursuit, would forget her uncle's past attentions, and leave him panting, but tidy as ever, to put by all the many charm-

ing objects he had produced for her benefit.

It would be difficult to imagine anything less congruous than the squire and his favourite gun-room, where he spent so many peaceful hours. It might have seemed at first view a terrific apartment. A death's head and cross-bones (stuck up by Charlie Bolsover) ornament the top of the old-fashioned clock. Along the fire-place nothing more terrible than a row of pipes' heads might be seen hanging from pegs, but everywhere upon the walls were murderous weapons shining in their places, revolvers, crossed foils and fencing implements. A great curling sword, all over ornaments and flourishes, hung over the comfortable leather sofa cushions, where Uncle Bolsover loved to doze away the hours. The colonel had brought the sword back from India as a gift for the pacific little squire.

Day after day Uncle Bolsover used to go peacefully off to sleep over his *Times*, among all these trophies and ruthless weapons of destruction. There he lies to-day slumbering tranquilly, with a pair of boxing gloves hanging just over his round bald head; the tranquillity, the soothing sunshine, all contribute to his happy dreams. The squire has earned his repose. He has been all the morning unpacking the huge case which has come jogging up from the other side of the world, whence Peregrine Bolsover, having heard of Colonel Dymond's marriage, has despatched an extra crate full of traveller's gifts to his family at home. He had heard the news from his sister Fanny, whose flowing streams of correspondence contrived to reach the wanderer even in those distant countries which he frequented, countries so far away, so little known, that it seemed as if they had been expressly created for his use. The gifts are of a generous, inconvenient, and semi-barbarous character; elephants' tusks, rude strings of teeth, and gold beads for the bride; carved

ostrich eggs for the colonel; a priceless bamboo strung with the spine bones of some royal dynasty for Mrs. Bolsover; various daggers wrapped in rough paper, and marked "*poison—very dangerous*," for the squire; a Spanish leather saddle all embroidered for Charlie, besides several gods of various religions and degrees of hideousness. Gratitude, natural bewilderment, and hopeless confusion raise up mixed emotions in the family on receiving these tokens of their absent member's affection. The squire having conscientiously unpacked the chest, ranged the various objects round the room, and put the daggers safely in the cupboard out of the way, feels that he has earned his afternoon's siesta. As he sleeps the door opens gently, and a pale handsome young man comes in quietly. By his rings, by his black curls, by his shiny shoes and red silk stockings, it is easy to recognise Charlie Bolsover restored to his usual health and spirits, and profiting by his newly-gained honours and by the first days of his long vacation to come off uninvited, and even under prohibition, to the place where he is always returning in spirit.

"Good heavens! Charlie," says Uncle Bolsover, waking up with a start.

"Aunt Fanny sent me in to wake you up, Uncle Bol," said Charlie, with a smile. "She says I may stay."

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE CEDAR TREES.

THE colonel and his wife had been met at the door, and told that the ladies were at tea in the garden; and without entering the house or visiting the gun-room on their way, they passed by the side-gate that led to the velvet lawns, so greenly spread beneath the shade of those old trees which have always seemed to me the rightful owners of Bolsover Hall. The tea-table stood under a cedar which had sheltered three or four generations

of Bolsovers in turn, and which had seen grandparents and parents at play before Fanny Bolsover and her sister and her brothers had grown up from children. The eldest of the generation, Tempy's mother, the first Tempy, who married little Jacky Dymond, as the colonel was once called, was long since dead, and so was Charles, the youngest brother, the father of the present Charles. Peregrine, who came next to the squire, and who once climbed to the rook's nest on the upper boughs of the tallest cedar, was far away, and had returned no more to the old place. And the brilliant Fanny, the lovely spoiled girl who once thought all mankind, all life was at her feet—was *this* what she had come to, this garish, affected woman, with her disappointed ambitions, her limited imaginations, her ostentatious cleverness, and dominating will. As for the good squire, in all his sixty years he has scarcely ever travelled beyond the shadow of his old trees, nor changed in heart since he first came out at the head of the brotherhood, to play hide and seek upon the lawn.

Miss Bolsover advanced to meet the little party—Susanna and Tempy, and Phraisie, running ahead, and Jacky Dymond, now sobered, silvered, settled, and no more like the youth she could remember than she resembled the Fanny of forty years ago. Aunt Fanny was unusually gracious (so it seemed to Susy). She sent the servant for a low table and a baby-chair for Phraisie; she insisted on their remaining to tea; she stirred and mixed milk and water, and divided sponge-cakes and strawberries and cream with extra alacrity; she would not hear of the colonel going into the house to look for the squire.

"We will leave poor Frederick to have his nap out," says Miss Bolsover; "plenty of time, John, to see the presents. Do let us enjoy this lovely afternoon in peace! It is so good of poor dear Peregrine; but I can't conceive what we are to do with all the eggs he sends home. Do look at that

lovely effect of light upon the lake, Susanna! What time is your train to Countyside, John? Shall you call in on your way back? I hear Lord Neighborton is expected to speak. Poor you, you will have to propose his health. Little mademoiselle where are you going to?" in a high staccato voice. "Do keep the child quietly here and amused, Tempy dear. More strawberries, anybody? Ah! here comes Car from the schools. Well, Car, tired? What news? When is the terrible inspector to come?"

And Aunt Car wearily sinks down upon a chair, not without a benevolent iron grin of welcome to Phraisie, who runs straight up to her and climbs upon her knee and begins at once to pop strawberries into her mouth.

Miss Bolsover, for some reason or other, seemed absolutely determined that no one should move from the tea-table.

"Well! have you seen the presents, Phraisie?" Mrs. Bolsover was beginning.

"Car, Car, don't talk of poor dear Peregrine's horrors just yet!" cries Aunt Fanny. "You know they are always the same—claws, and teeth, and fusty bison-skins," and as she spoke the stable clock, soft and clear and deliberate, came to their ears, striking the three-quarters.

"A quarter to six," says the colonel.

"Car," says Miss Bolsover, "the man was here this morning he says the clock is some minutes slow."

"It is all right by my watch," said the colonel, looking down at his gold repeater.

"I nearly missed my train yesterday," Miss Bolsover remarked, absently stirring her tea; "but most likely—of course your watch is right, John."

However, to the punctual colonel this most likely was not to be endured.

"I'll make sure of my train, anyhow," says he, getting up leisurely. "Phraisie, will you give papa a kiss?

Goodbye, Susy; expect me after dinner. Car, tell Bolsover I'll look in on my way home."

As the colonel was walking off across the grass on his way to the station the figures of Mr. Bolsover himself and another person might have been seen at the drawing-room window, where the squire stood trying to undo the hasp. Aunt Fanny, who had eyes everywhere, caught sight of the two, for she suddenly seized little scared Phraisie up in playful arms and went flying, and rustling, and panting across the lawn towards the house in time to meet her brother-in-law face to face on the step.

"Here is our dear little Fayfay come to see Uncle Fred and all the pitty tings," says Miss Bolsover playfully, thrusting the child into her brother's arms. "Don't come out, Charlie boy, I want to speak to you, dear, most particularly. Come into my boudoir. Frederick, will you take the child into the gun-room? Auntie will come for her directly."

Presently a servant came out from the house with a message to Tempy under the tree. Miss Bolsover wanted to speak to her. Then Miss Bolsover herself returned again, leading little Phraisie by the hand.

"Tempy is delighted with the eggs and things," says Aunt Fanny to Aunt Car. Then to Susanna, who was preparing to come into the house, "I brought the little one back. I don't know if you are at all afraid of keeping her out too late, Susanna; I myself know *nothing* about it," says Miss Bolsover, with her merry tinkle of earrings and laughter; "but if you would like to go we will send Tempy home in the t-cart and be glad to keep her a little longer."

"Tempy said she wanted to get back early," Susanna answered, quite unobtrusively.

"Oh! we will see to that," cried Aunt Fanny, affectionately conducting Mrs. Dymond to the side gate where the pony-carriage was standing. "Dear me, you have never seen your beads

after all, nor the scalps either. I'll send them back to you by Tempy."

Then Susy nodded and smiled and waved good-bye to Mrs. Bolsover, and was more than absorbed in making her little Phraisie kiss her hand and say good-bye too. Phraisie behaved beautifully and did all that was expected of her, and chattered all the way home on her mother's knee.

"Nice gentypan in dere, mamma," said little Phraisie as they drove off. "Gentypan kissed Fayfay."

Susy did not quite understand what Phraisie meant.

"No, dear," she said, "there was no gentleman only papa."

"Ozzer ones," said Phraisie, persisting.

Susy waited dinner, but no Tempy came home, and Mrs. Dymond finished her meal by herself. All the bright, dazzling hours of the day seemed passing before her still, shining, crowding with light and life—with Phraisie's busy little life most of all. Susy went up stairs on her way to her own room, and stood for a few minutes by Phraisie's little crib, where all the pretty capers and sweet prattle and joy and wonder lay in a soft heap, among the pillows. The child's peaceful head lay with a warm flush and with tranquil, resting breath; the little hand hung over the quilt, half dropping a toy, some goggle-eyed, wide-awake dolly, staring hard, and with loops of tow and gilt ornaments, and not unlike Miss Bolsover, herself, Susy thought.

For once Mrs. Dymond had also enjoyed her visit to Bolsover Hall. Aunt Fanny had been gracious. She had spared those thrusts which used to sting, for all Susy's calm imperturbability. As for Mrs. Bolsover, Susy had learnt to be less and less afraid of her grim advances. Little Fayfay, asleep or awake, was an ever-growing bond between the two women. Susy had brought Fayfay down from the upper floor, and she had now only to cross a passage from the nursery to reach her own sitting-room, where she

found a green lamp burning and a fire burning. Even in summer-time they used to light fires at Crowbeck after the sun was set. She had no other company than that of Zillah lying asleep by the hearth, but she wanted none other. She settled herself comfortably in her sofa corner, where the lamp shed its pleasant light, and after writing a long, rambling pencil letter to her mother, Susy took up a novel and read assiduously for a time. Then she closed the book. Her little Phraisie's eyes and looks, and her button of a nose, and her funny sweet sayings, seemed to come between her mother and the print. What chance has a poor author with such a rival? "Funny gentypan," who could Phraisie mean by "funny gentypan?" her mother wondered. Then suddenly, as the baby herself might have done, Susanna, happy, thankful, resting and at ease, dropped off into a sleep, sound and long and deep as these illicit slumbers are apt to be. I do not know how long her dreams had lasted; the nurse looked in, and not liking to disturb her went off to bed. The clock struck ten and the half-hour, and suddenly Mrs. Dymond started up, wide awake; she thought she had heard a sound and her own name called, and she answered as she sat up on the couch, bewildered. Was it her husband's voice? Was it Marney come home? Where was her mother? Susy rubbed her eyes. All seemed silent again, but she had been startled, and looking at the clock she flushed up, ashamed of her long nap. Then she crossed the room to the bell and rang it, but no one came, for the maids had gone to bed and the men were in a different part of the house. I don't know what nervous terror suddenly seized her, but as she listened still, she grew more frightened. Then she thought of calling the nurse, and looked into the nursery again for that purpose, but gaining courage from the calm night-light and the peaceful cradle, she came quietly away; only, as she crossed the passage, she now distinctly heard a low con-

tinuous murmur of voices going on in some room not far distant. Then Susy reflected that housebreakers do not start long audible conversations in the dead of night, and summoning up courage, she descended the broad flight of stairs which led to the sitting-rooms below; the voices were not loud, but every now and then the tones rose in the silence. As she came to the half-open drawing-room door (it was just under her dressing-room) she heard a man's voice speaking in eager tones, and then the colour rushed up into her face and once more her heart began to beat, for she seemed to recognise Tempy's low answer. She opened the door. There stood Charlie, who seemed to be destined to disturb the slumbers of his family. There stood Tempy beside him, in the glow of the dying embers—the two sadly, happily miserable, and yet together! Susy could see poor Tempy's tears glistening in the red fire-light, and Charlie's rings and decorations, as they stood holding each other's hands in parting grief.

Mrs. Dymond came in like a beautiful fate, in her long white dress floating sternly across the room. She set her light upon the table.

"Tempy!" she said. "Oh! Tempy, I could not have believed it of you. And how can you come," Susanna said, turning to Charlie Bolsover, "how dare you come," she repeated, "disturbing us, troubling us with your presence? Tempy has promised—has promised not to see you," she went on excitedly. "Why don't you keep away? Do you not know that all our home peace and happiness depend upon your absence? You are not, you will never be, her husband. Do you want to part her for ever from her father?" cried Susy, passionately. "As for you, Tempy, I thought I could have trusted you as I trust myself. Was this why you stayed behind, why you deceived me?"

Susy might have been kinder, she might have sympathised more, but that

her own youth had taught her so sad, so desperate a lesson; and comfortable *débonnair* vices, easy-going misdeeds and insincerities, seemed to her worse and more terrible than the bitterest and most cutting truths, the sternest, baldest realities. That Tempy should deceive her, deceive her father, should be seeing Charlie by secret arrangement, seemed to Susy unworthy of them all.

Charlie turned round upon her in a sudden fury. Where was his usual placid indifference now?

"If you knew what you were saying; if you had ever been in love," he said in a rage, speaking bitterly, indignantly, "you would not be so cruel to her, Mrs. Dymond. You part us for no reason but your husband's fancy, and you divide us as if we were two sacks of potatoes—'Go,' you say, forget each other.' You don't know what you say. You might as well say, 'Do not exist at all,' as tell us not to love each other. It may be easy enough for people who marry not for love but for money, or because they want comfortable homes or housekeepers, to part, but——"

"Oh, for shame, for shame, Charlie," cried Tempy, starting away and pulling her hand from her lover.

"Let him speak, it is best so," said Susanna very stern, and pale, and uncompromising. "He has a right to speak."

"I speak because I feel, while you all seem to me stones and stocks," cried the poor fellow. "I speak because I love Tempy with all my heart, and you are condemning her and condemning me unheard to sorrow and life-long separation."

There was something, some utter truth of reality in the young man's voice, something which haunted Susanna long after. This sharp scene had come upon her suddenly, unexpectedly, but not for the first time did she feel uneasy, impatient with her husband.

A sudden indignant protest rose

in her heart; for the first time since her marriage she questioned and denied his infallibility. It might be true that Charlie Bolsover had been foolish, true that he was in debt, true that Tempy was rich and young, but was it not also true that these two people were tenderly, faithfully attached to each other? It seemed a terrible responsibility for the father to divide them; absolutely to say, "Death to their love, let it be as nothing, let it cease for ever." Susy thought of the boy's sad wild looks as he rushed past her in the passage of Eiderdown's Hotel.

She looked at him again. He was changed somehow; he looked older, stronger, angrier, less desperate, more of a man. He stood fronting Tempy, not with the air of one who was ashamed and out of place, but as if he had a right to speak. Susy, Rhadamantine though she was, covered her face with her two hands for a minute. She could not meet the young fellow's reproachful look. It seemed to her that it had all happened before, that she had known it all along, known it from the beginning, even when Charlie, exasperated, turned from her to Tempy saying,

"Tempy, I can't bear this any longer, you must decide between us. Send me away, if you have the heart to send me away."

Still Susy seemed to know it all, to know that Tempy would say, "I shall never give you up, Charlie, all my life; but I cannot go against my father's cruel will."

The sound of wheels, of a horse's hoofs stopping at the front door, brought the situation to a crisis.

"Listen! That must be papa," said Tempy, starting forward. "Go, Charlie, go! there is still time! You must not meet him!" and she, all in tears, took his hand into both hers, and would have dragged him to the window through which they had entered together.

"Go! Why should I go?" cried Char-

lie, exasperated, holding his ground. "I am not ashamed of being here," and as he spoke Susy heard the hall door open.

"He is right, Tempy," she cried, with a bright look, and then with a sudden impulse Susanna ran to the dining-room door, threw it open, and called her husband by his name as he came into his house.

"John! come here! Charles Bolsover is here," said Susy, standing in the dining-room door.

Then she saw that her husband was looking very pale. Instead of coming up to her he stood by the staircase holding to the bannister. He looked very old suddenly, quite different somehow.

"I know Charles Bolsover is here," he said, looking hard at his wife. "I heard it just now before you told me. Tell him I will not see him. Tell him and Tempy to carry on their plots elsewhere. You Susy, I can trust, thank God."

"Dear John, what is it?" Susy cried, running up to him. "Tempy, Tempy, come to your father! Come and tell him he can trust us all!" Susy cried in despair at her husband's strange manner and looks, and Tempy hearing Susy's voice also came out with her round face still bathed in tears.

"Oh! papa, what is it?" she said gently. "I didn't know Charlie was to be at the hall. Indeed, indeed, I didn't, though perhaps if I had, I could not have kept away. I hadn't seen him for, oh, so long; he walked back with me just now, that is all! Are you very angry?"

The poor colonel's face altered, changed, softened, the colour seemed to come back into his lips.

"I am not angry with you, my poor child," he said, and he sighed, and held out his hand. Tempy felt that it was cold like stone. "I am tired; another time I will speak to you. I cannot see him. I thought—I thought you were all trying to deceive me," he repeated, with an attempt at a smile.

Tempy watched him step by step till he turned the corner of the staircase, still holding by the bannisters. Long, long afterwards she seemed to see him climbing slowly and passing on.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE COLONEL GOES HOME."

SUSANNA was not happy about her husband next morning. He seemed unlike himself; though he said he was well, he looked dull and out of spirits. Tempy's heart, too, was very heavy, and she hung her head over her sewing, setting one weary stitch after another as women do. Charlie was gone, she knew not when she should see him again; and her father was there, and yet gone too in a way. She could not bear him to be so gentle, so reserved, so absent in his manner; she was longing for an explanation with him, longing to speak and yet scarcely knowing how to begin. When the play of life turns to earnest, how strangely one's youthful valiance fails—that courage of the young, armed from head to foot with confident inexperience of failure and with hope all undimmed as yet.

The colonel was busy all the morning, and closeted in his study with the bailiff. He came into Susy's room once or twice, where she was sitting with Tempy, and with little Phraisie playing at her knee. Phraisie was the one cheerful, natural person in the house this gloomy morning. The colonel's silence did not silence her. Tempy's depression seemed to vanish suddenly when the child came tumbling across the room from her mother's knee; Tempy's black looks (so curiously like her father's) turned into some faint semblance of a smile as the little sister tugged at her dress to make her play.

Susy had left the room when little Fayfay, perching at the window, suddenly began to exclaim something about "papa and his gee-gee," and Tempy, who had hoped that the mo-

ment for explanation had come, found that her father was starting for his morning ride, and now explanation must be again deferred. The explanation was not then, but it was very near at hand.

Presently Susy looked into the room, with her straw hat on. "Your father is gone to Ambleside. He has ordered James to meet him there at the station with the dog-cart; they will bring Josselin home. Won't you come out now, Tempy? It will do you good; or will you come with me to Miss Fletcher's after luncheon?"

But Tempy shook her head. She would not come, neither then nor later. She sat stitching away the morning, moping through the hours in a dreary, unsatisfactory sort of way. Susanna hoped that Josselin's return might cheer her up.

"What did papa say to you last night?" Tempy suddenly asked, when she saw Susy getting up after luncheon to prepare for her walk.

"He said that he was glad that we had hidden nothing from him—that we had told him Charlie was here. He said he liked to feel that he could trust us," Susanna answered, and as she spoke she seemed to see her husband's kind face and his outstretched hand again.

"Trust us, trust *you*!" said Tempy. "Did Aunt Fanny tell him Charlie was here?"

"No," said Susy, blushing up. "It was Aunt Car who told him, she had gone to bed when your father reached the Hall. She came out of her room in her dressing-gown, hearing his voice. Miss Bolsover assured your father it was I who had arranged it all," Susy went on; and as she spoke two indignant tears flashed into her eyes.

"Don't! don't! don't!" cried poor Tempy. "My aunt knows how unhappy I am," and she turned and ran out of the room.

Susy, solitary, was glad to meet Wilkins and her little Phraisie at the garden gate that afternoon. She was starting for her walk before the travel-

lèrs' return. Phraisie was armed *cap-à-pie* and helmed in quilted white and starch as a baby should be who is meant to defy the sun. She had picked a bunch of flowers, and was hopping along the path, and chattering as she went something about "De pussy and de kitty is in de darden, and de kitty is eaten de petty flowers, and please, mamma, take 'ittle Fayfay wid dou."

"I should like her to come with me, Wilkins," said Mrs. Dymond. "I am going to call at the Miss Fletchers'."

"Oh! very well, mem," says Wilkins, resigned. She prefers her own company to respectful attendance upon her mistress, but she is a good creature, and allows Susy to see a great deal of Phraisie. Perhaps the thought of Miss Fanny's various paragons hanging by hairs over her head inclines Wilkins to regard her mistress's failings with leniency. Susy felt so sad and so much depressed that it was a real boon and comfort to be led along by the little one and to feel her warm hand in her own. Phraisie was sturdy on her legs, and thought nothing of the expedition.

Their walk ran high up above the roadside, along a bank cut in the shelving slopes, and shaded by big trees, of which the stems were wreathed and wrapped with ivy leaves. Beneath each natural arch formed by the spread of the great branches, lay a most lovely and placid world of cool waters and gentle mountain mist, of valleys full of peaceful, browsing sheep. A strange cloud hung along the crest of the Old Man flashing with light. Susanna remembered it long afterwards; every minute of that day seemed stamped and marked upon her mind. Phraisie went first, still chattering to her mamma, who followed quietly, looking out at the tranquil prospect; then came Wilkins. Once the nurse stopped short, and Susy, who had walked a little ahead, called to her.

"I thought there was a something on the other side of the lake, mem,"

says Wilkins. "There's a boat and a crowd."

Susy stopped, looked, moved on again after an instant's pause. "I cannot see clearly across the lake," she said; "but the rain is coming, we must not be long," and she went on her way, still holding Phraisie's warm little hand. The Fletchers lived in a stone, slated cottage high up on the mountain side; it was homely enough, scanty, but exquisitely clean and in perfect order. The little garden, inclosed by its stone walls, flashed lilac, gold, and crimson with the cottage flowers that were all ablaze—convolvulus, floxes, sweet william, and nasturtium, opening to the raindrops that were already beginning to fall.

Martha Fletcher, the younger sister who kept the school, was standing out in the porch as her visitors arrived somewhat breathless with their climb; and she came forward to welcome them with her smiling, peaceful looks and voice, and, calling to her sister, opened the cottage door and showed them in. There were two rooms on the ground floor, leading from one to another—pleasant rooms, scantily furnished, with slated floors and lattice windows and cross lights, and a few geraniums in pots; they both opened to the garden. The first was a sort of kitchen, with a kettle boiling on the hob; the second was a parlour, with a few wooden chairs, an oak chest, and a quaint old cupboard that would have made the fortune of a collector. "It is old; it were never very much," said Martha. In front of the cupboard, Jane, the elder sister, was lying back in her big chair knitting, with a patchwork cushion at her back. She looked pale and worn by ill health, but she, too, brightened to welcome their visitors. Both these sisters had the calm and well-bred manners of people who live at peace, in the good company of great and lovely things. Susy herself had not such easy and dignified greetings for her guests, such kindness and unspoken courtesy in her ways, as that

with which these two women now met her.

Mrs. Dymond had come only intending to remain a few minutes, but from behind the Old Man some sudden storm began to spread, and in a few minutes, swiftly, rapidly, the clouds had gathered, and the rain had begun to pour very heavily all round about.

Perhaps half an hour went by—a strange half-hour, which ever afterwards Susy looked back to with a feeling half of longing, half of miserable regret. It seemed to her as if some other Susanna had lived it, with its troubled apprehensions, with a heart full of pain, of dull excitement. She could not bear to disagree with her husband, but the sight of Tempy's dull pain stung her. So long as it had been her own self in question, she had felt no disloyalty in suppressing her own wishes, crushing down the instinctive protest in her heart against the family thralldom and traditional subjection to conventionality. But now that Tempy's happiness and honesty of mind were concerned, it seemed to Susy that the time had come to speak. Ah! John who was so good, so gentle and forbearing, he would understand her, he would yield to her entreaties, to Tempy's pleading.

Susy sat paying her visit in a curious, double state of mind. The rain had ceased, the cottage garden was refreshed; the floxes, the zinnias, the lupins, the marigolds, the whole array of cottage finery was refreshed and heavy with wet. The birds had begun to fly and chirp again; little Phraisie stood at the door peeping out at an adventurous kitten which was cautiously advancing along the wooden bench. Martha sat erect on the well rubbed mahogany settle, Jane lay back in her big chair with an invalid's gentle eyes full of interest, fixed on their young visitor.

"How comely Mrs. Dymond du look," thinks Jane the fanciful, "there side-by-side wi' Martha on the settle."

Mrs. Dymond dressed in some

soft brown pelisse with a touch of colour in it, her loose country gloves, her lace ruffles, her coquettish brown felt hat with the shining bird's breast, all seemed to make up a pleasant autumnal picture, even more interesting to Jane than that baby-one in the door-way. After all, a tidy, well-dressed child is no prettier an object than any one of the little ones bare-legged and rosy and tattered, such as those Jane and Martha were used to teach and have up to play in the garden. But a well-dressed, beautiful lady is an interesting sight to a country woman. Martha from habit, perhaps, kept watch over Phraisie, but Jane's eyes rested gently upon the young mother.

Susy lingered on. There was a sense of peace within as without the cottage, a feeling of goodness, of quiet duty fulfilled, and unpretending refinement. A thought crossed her mind, what a happy life she might have led if only these women could have been her sisters—true ladies indeed they seemed to be—tranquil, courteous in their ways, making no difference between persons, as gentle and as welcoming to the shepherd's wife, who came drenched to the door in her clogs, to report of Mrs. Barrow, as to Susy herself, the lady of the Place. While the neighbours talked on, Susy, girl-like began to picture a life with John, in a pleasant cottage with a garden full of flowers. She seemed putting off the moment of return and explanation, and trying to think of other things. Susy dreaded going home dreaded the explanation before her dreaded the pain she must give her husband if she told him all she felt, and that his decision seemed to her unjust and arbitrary; dreaded the concealment if she hid the truth. Some instinct seemed to tell her that Miss Bolsover, whatever happened, would make ill-will between them all, and that trouble was at hand; and yet the heavy indefinable sense which had haunted her all the morning, was lighter since she had reached that peaceful home and seen the simple and

comforting sight of two contented souls.

These fancies did not take long, a little ray of light came straggling by the lattice. Phraisie leaped and laughed in the door-way at the kitten's antics; suddenly the child came running back to her mother's knee, and hid her face in her lap and began to cry.

"My Phraisie, what is it?" said Susy, stooping and lifting her up. "Did the kitty scratch you?" but little Phraisie didn't answer at first, then looking up into her mother's face,

"Papa, Fayfay wants papa," was all she said.

"I think papa must be home by this," said Susy, going to the door with the child in her arms; and she felt that with Phraisie in her arms she could speak, protest for Tempy's future rights. She could trust that kind and generous heart which had ever been so true to her, to them all. The rain was gathering again; the sisters urged her to stay, but she was impatient—suddenly impatient—to get back. A feeling which seemed strange, indescribable, outside every-day things and common feelings, had fallen on her once more; was it the storm in the air? As she looked at the opposite hills, she felt as if the very line of the clouds against the sky had terror in it. No tangible impression was in her mind, but a restless alarm and discomfort. Susy wondered if she was going to be ill, though she was not given to fancies; her one desire was to get home, and she took leave, hastily gathering up her skirts with Wilkins's help, tucking Phraisie safe into the folds of her pelisse. Jane and Martha looked gravely at her, and did not attempt to detain her. "Take care of ye'sell," they said. Martha came with them to the garden-gate, and stood holding it open, and as they were starting, they heard a step hurrying up from below. It was one of the grooms from the Place, who, not seeing Susy, exclaimed—

"Oh! Miss Fletcher, have you heard that there's been a' accident across the

lake? The colonel and Mr. Jo have been cast out of t' dog-cart. I'm seeking Mrs. Dymond."

"An accident!" said Susy, coming forward, holding Phraisie very tight. "Are they hurt, James? Is the colonel——"

"Neither o' the gentlemen had spoke when I came away to seek ye, mem," said the man, with a pale face; and some wonder at seeing her so composed. "George Tyson brought them across in t' boat wi' doctor; the parson is there wi' Miss Bolsover. We have been looking for you, m'a'am, a long while."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DOCTOR AND THE LADY.

THE train came in in the early morning, and the great London doctor got out; he had travelled all night comfortably enough in his first-class corner; he was there to see what could be done; he had a confident, cheerful aspect, which gave hope to the bystanders. The porter began to think the colonel might recover after all; the station-master also seemed to regain confidence. Mr. Bolsover, who had come to meet the train, and who liked to take things pleasantly, shook the oracle warmly by the hand. "I'm afraid you will find things as bad as can be," he said, as if he was giving a welcome piece of news, though his pale round face belied his cheery tones. "Jeffries has been up all night. I have brought the carriage for you. We telegraphed to you last night when Jeffries thought so badly of him, poor fellow. Get in, please; drive hard, George."

"Is Mrs. Dymond aware of the danger?" said the doctor, as he got into the carriage, after seeing that his bag was safely stowed on the box.

"She is anxious, very anxious," said Mr. Bolsover; "so are my wife and sister, who are nursing them all most devotedly. "You know the boy is hurt too; broken rib—concussion. They were driving home together;

they think poor Dymond fainted and fell, the horse was startled, the carriage upset just by the forge. Luckily one of Dymond's own men was standing by; the poor fellows were brought straight home across the lake in the ferry boat. Mrs. Dymond was from home at the time. The boy recovered consciousness almost immediately, but my poor brother-in-law seems very ill, very bad indeed," said Mr. Bolsover with an odd chirruping quake in his voice; then recovering, and trying to quiet himself. "Do you dislike this?" and he pulled a cigar-case out of his pocket.

"Not at all—not at all," said the doctor, looking out of the window. "What a delightful place you have here!"

"It is almost all my brother-in-law's property," said Mr. Bolsover; "all entailed upon my nephew. We married sisters, you know."

"Oh, indeed!" said the doctor. "I did not know."

"I was not speaking of the present Mrs. Dymond," says Mr. Bolsover, hastily. "The second wife is quite a girl; some of us thought it a pity at the time. Poor child, it will be easier for her now, perhaps, than if they had been longer married."

The horses hurried on, the gates were reached, the neat sweep, the pleasant shade of trees; the doors of the house flew open, and the servants appeared, as on that day when the colonel had brought Susy home as a bride. The doctor was shown into the colonel's study, where a fire had been lighted and some breakfast set out. The master was lying scarcely conscious on his bed up stairs, but his daily life seemed still to go on in the room below. The whips and sticks were neatly stacked against the walls, his sword was slung up, his belt, his military cap, everything curiously tidy and well-ordered. The Army List and Directory, the Bradshaws and Whitaker, were each in their due place on the table in a sort of pattern. The book-cases were filled, and every shelf was

complete; the writing apparatus was in order, with good pens and fresh ink, for Dr. Mayfair to write the prescriptions with. They could do little good now, for all the good pens and paper. The neat packets of letters, answered and unanswered, with broad elastic straps, lay on the right and left of the writing-book; the post-bag was hanging on a nail, with a brass plate fixed above, on which the hours of the post were engraved. Everything spoke of a leisurely, well-ordered existence, from the shining spurs on their stands, to the keys in the despatch-box. The doctor had not long to wait; the door opened, and a lady came in—a fat, florid lady, who seemed to have performed a hasty toilette, not without care. She was wrapped in a flowing, flowery tea-gown, a lace hood covered her many curls and plaits; she had gold slippers, emerald and turquoise rings; she advanced with many agitated motions.

"Oh, doctor!—oh, how we have looked for you! You may imagine what this night has been. How am I to tell you all? A chair. Thank you. Yes—oh, yes!—our darling boy scarcely conscious—his father in this most alarming condition," and she laid her jewelled fingers on the doctor's sleeve. "Mr. Bolsover will have told you something, but *he* has no conception of what we have suffered, what anxiety we have endured. My brain seems crushed," said the lady. "If you felt my pulse, doctor, you would see that the heart's action is scarcely perceptible."

"You are very anxious of course," said the doctor, rather perplexed, "shall I come up stairs at once? Is Mr. Jeffries up stairs?"

"He will be here in a minute, if you will kindly wait, and you must be wanting some refreshment," said the lady, "Doctor Mayfair, do you prefer tea or coffee? Here are both as I ordered. One requires all one's nerve, all one's strength for the sad scene up stairs—the strong man cast down

in his prime—let me pour out the tea.”

The doctor somewhat bored by the lady's attentions, stood before the fire waiting for the arrival of Mr. Jeffries, and asking various details of the illness, of the accident, to which his hostess gave vague and agitated answers. “I was resting in my room before dressing to drive out, when my maid brought me word of the dreadful report. I lost not a moment, I told them to bring me a cloak, a hat, anything, the first come, to order the carriage, to send a messenger to say that I was on the way. But one has to pay for such efforts, nature will not be defrauded of her rights. You, doctor, know that better than I do.”

“Oh, of course, no, yes,” says the doctor with a vacant eye drinking his tea and looking round: was this the enthusiastic young girl disapproved of by the poor colonel's relations! “Mr. Jeffries has been sent for, you tell me,” said the great man, politely interrupting.

“I hear him now,” said Miss Bolsover excitedly, and rushing to the door she opened it wide. “Here, come in here, Doctor Mayfair is expecting you,” said the lady in a loud whisper. “Oh, Mr. Jeffries you can tell him what we have all endured, you can tell him what a life-long tie it has been between us. How unlike that of a few short months; how much deeper, how much.” . . . Mr. Jeffries looked round uneasily, he was followed by Susanna, still strangely quiet, scarcely uttering a word but with anxious, dark encircled eyes trying to read from their faces what was written there. She heard Miss Bolsover's speech, and crimsoned up as she turned a quick, reproachful glance upon her; even at such terrible moments people are themselves, alas! and their daily failings do not die when those they love lie down for the last time, but assert themselves, bitter, exaggerated. To reproach her at such a time! Oh, it was cruel, Susy thought, and then she forgot it all—Miss Bolsover's

sneers, and the petty pangs and smarts of daily jealousies; she caught sight of a glance which passed between Mr. Jeffries and Dr. Mayfair, and all her strength and courage seemed suddenly to go, and she sat down for a moment in the nearest chair, while Miss Bolsover followed the doctors out of the room. Susy herself had no hope, Jeffries' deprecating look answered her most anxious fears, she had watched all through the night and each hour as it passed seemed to weigh more heavily upon her heart. Now for a moment the load seemed so great that she could scarcely bear it, she seemed suddenly choking, and she opened the window and went out into the open air to breathe. There—he was dying and all the garden was so sweet, so full of early green and flowers. He was doomed, she knew it, and a new day had dawned, and nothing was changed from yesterday; only the beauty of it all seemed aching and stinging instead of delighting her, its very sweetness turned to grief, its peace jarred like misery, a great flash of brilliant pain seemed spread out before her. Why had they ever come there, Susanna thought. Oh, why. How happy she had been alone with him in London. How unhappy she had been among these cruel people. How dear and how kind he had been; how little they knew her. All the spiteful things Miss Bolsover had ever said came into her mind with a passionate exaggeration. Ah! she was not ungrateful, she was not mercenary, she had not married for money and mean things. Her husband had been her kindest, tenderest friend, he had helped her in her sorest trouble, and she had come to him gratefully and with trust. And now all was over; and they would no longer molest her.

Poor Susy wrung her hands in a miserable impatience. She was a young creature still, exaggerated and uncharitable as young warm-hearted people are. The lovely sweetness of the morning, the tender light upon the sky only seemed to sting her to fresh pain.

Then she thought of his dear pale face upon the bed up stairs—of his look of wistful love with some sad terror of conviction. She had meant to speak to him that very day, to tell him all her heart, and now it was too late, it was over now. All was coming to an end for ever and she had not half loved him, half told him how she felt his goodness. Reader, forgive her if she with the rest of us is selfish in her great grief, so keen, so fierce, distorting and maddening every passing mood and natural experience. She could not stand. She fell on her knees, poor child, with a sudden overpowering burst of sobbing pain. There was an iron roller somewhere by the wall and she laid her poor head upon the iron with incoherent sobs and prayers for his life, for strength to love him as she ought, for forgiveness for the secret rancour which had poisoned her life. As she knelt

there two kind, warm arms were flung round her, "Dear Susy, don't, don't," sobs Tempy, who had come to look for her, "don't, don't, don't," was all the girl could say; "be good, be brave, I've come to fetch you." Susy started up, quiet again, ruling herself with a great effort. Mr. Jeffries had also come down hurriedly into the drawing-room to look for her, and as the two women entered through the open casement, pale and shaking still, he looked very grave, and beckoned them up stairs. "He is come to himself, he is asking for you," he said to Susy; "you must be very calm, dear Mrs. Dymond." Tempy was now sobbing in her turn, Susy was white, quiet, composed. Her husband knew her to the last, and looked up with a very sweet smile as she came to his side.

An hour afterwards she was a widow, and the grand London doctor went back to town.

To be continued.

FROM MONTEVIDEO TO PARAGUAY.

I.

It was a clear, mild spring evening in the latter part of the month designated in almanacks as October, but in Nature's annuary the April of this inverted antarctic world, when the Brazilian mail steamer *Rio Apa* was making her way cautiously up against the shallow and turbid waters of the River Plate, bound with cargo and a full complement of passengers, mostly Brazilians, some Argentines or Uruguayans, a few Germans—where are not Germans to be met now?—and myself as a solitary specimen of the British sub-variety, from Montevideo to Asuncion, capital of Paraguay, and, indeed, further north yet, to the Brazilian capital of Mata-Grosso; but with that ultimate destination the present narrative has no concern. Viewed from anywhere the prospect of Montevideo is a lovely one, but most so from the sea. However ill-advised the old Spaniards may generally have shown themselves in their selection of sites for towns or seaports in South America, they, or their great captain, Don Bruno Mauricio de Zabala, chose well, could not, indeed, have chosen better, when, in 1726, they laid, after two centuries of inexplicable neglect, the first foundations of Montevideo. As a town it is perfect; as a harbour nearly so. With the lofty conical hill and the adjoining high lands of the "cerro" on the west, and the bold jutting promontory—itsself a ridge of no inconsiderable elevation—on which the bulk of the town is built, to the east, the noble semicircular bay, deeply recessed in the rising grounds on the north, is well sheltered from every wind and sea, the south and the south-west—this last, unluckily, the worst "of a' the airs," being none other than the dreaded "pampero,"

or pampas-wind of these regions—excepted; at least until the long-projected breakwater, which is to keep out this enemy also, be constructed. But pamperos, like most other ills of this best of all possible worlds, are exceptions, and for most days of the year few harbours afford a safer or a more commodious anchorage than Montevideo; while landward a prettier sight than that presented by the white houses of the smokeless town, covering the entire eastern promontory down to the water's edge on either side, intermixed with large warehouses, public buildings, and theatres, and crowned by the conspicuous dome and towers of the massive and, *pace* Captain Burton, fairly well-proportioned cathedral, would be hard to find anywhere else. Beyond, and all round the curve of the bay, countless villas of Hispano-Italian construction, one-storied the majority, and recalling in general form and arrangement the Baian or Pompeian pleasure residences of the Augustan age, but not unfrequently distinguished by lofty "miradores," or look-outs, gleam many-coloured from between thickly planted orchards and gardens, in which the orange-tree, the lemon, the acacia, the peach, the fig, the cherry-tree, the medlar, the vine, blend with the Australian eucalyptus, the bamboo, the banana, the palm, and other imported growths of the outer world, and shelter a perennial profusion of lovely flowers, and pre-eminently of luxuriant roses, worthy of the gardens of ancient Pæstum and modern Damascus or Salerno. Shipping of every calibre and flag, steam and sail, make an apt foreground to the prosperous life implied by the landward prospect; and a bright sky, stainless sunlight, and pure, healthful

air, supply those conditions of enjoyment so essential, yet so often wanting, one or all, from the nebulous sea-side of northern Europe, or the treacherous beauty of equatorial coasts.

But Montevideo and the "Banda Oriental," to give the vigorous little republic of which it is the capital its predilect name, must not detain us now. Already the intervening mass of the "cerro" has hid them from our view, and we are far out on the monotonous waters of the sea-like Plate estuary. Night sets in calm and clear; and I look for the four-fold stars, first visioned to the Florentine seer, when

"Goder pareva 'l ciel di lor fiamelle.
O settentrional vedovo sito,
Poichè privato se' di mirar quelle!"

But the Cross, partly veiled, is just skirting the southern horizon, and will not be visible in its full beauty till near midnight; so that those strange, uncanny-looking nebulae, known, I believe, to British seafaring vulgarity as the "Coal-sacks," but more truly resembling, if anything, gigantic glow-worms, alone denote, by their proximity, the starless pole of the Austral heavens. Truly, in more senses than one, a pole-star is yet to seek in the southern hemisphere, west or east—a fixed fulcrum, a central idea, a controlling and co-ordinating force. Yet the slow precession of the equinoxes may in time supply it to the courses of the concave above; but who or what shall give it to the seething, ever-restless convex below? South America has her *Bucolics*, nor least the First; but the Fourth Eclogue is wanting from among the chaunted lays of Mantin Fierro and his peers. Does it bide a future date? Let us be content with the present; and trust, but not "feebly," the "larger hope."

And now, after ten hours, or thereabouts, of upward course, morning dawns for us on the world-famed New York of South America, the

memorial and honour of Don Juan de Garay—the residence for more than two centuries of Spanish vice-royalty, and now the political and, to a great extent, commercial capital of that southern reflex of the Northern Union, the vast Argentine Confederation, the city of Buenos Ayres. I remember how an Irish mate, when questioned on board a China-bound steamer, on which I happened to be a passenger, as to what was the first land we should sight of the Chinese coast, answering—and he could not have answered more appositely—"Faith! the first land ye will sight is a junk!" Were he now replying to a similar inquiry on board the *Rio Apa*, he might not less aptly say, "Faith! the first ye will see of Buenos Ayres is that ye will not see it at all!" So low is the coast, so great the distance from shore at which the shallowness of the river-waters compels us to anchor, that a long low line of confused buildings, and behind them the summits, no more, of cupolas, turrets, and towers, seen at intervals over the warehouse fronts along the edge, is all Buenos Ayres presents to our eyes on first beholding. The view, or non-view, of Venice herself when approached by rail from Padua is not more unsatisfactory. I long to land, and resolve the illusion in the opposite sense to that by which earth's illusions generally are dispelled, by finding, as I know I shall, the reality of the Argentine capital better than its introductory show. But the earliness of the hour, and the shortness of the time allotted for stay, do not for this occasion permit a nearer acquaintance with the most populous, the wealthiest, and in many or most ways the most important city of Republican South America. And, in fact, what knowledge worth the having could be acquired by an hour of hurried driving through square and street? So I resign myself to circumstances, and defer the accomplishment of my desires till the promised opportunity of the return voyage;—though the courtesy of the

Argentine "Capitan del Puerto," or harbour master, has hastened to place at my disposal the means of convenient landing, moved thereto by the sight of the distinctive flag that notifies the presence of a British official—rank and name, of course, unknown, nor to my readers worth the knowing—on board the *Rio Apa*. It is a courtesy which will be repeated, with scarce even a casual exception, at every Argentine or Paraguayan river station we halt at during the seven days of up-stream voyage yet before us.

There exists widely diffused in the Old World, nor least in England, an opinion, the origin of which, correctly estimated or otherwise, is not perhaps far to seek, that a distinct want or even refusal of every-day courtesy, an ostentatious "I am as good as you, and better," bearing, a disregard of the social claims, or what are held to be such, of rank, office, station, age, and the like, are the habitual characteristics of the citizens of non-monarchical states; that, *e.g.* a republican boatman is more rudely extortionate, a republican porter more importunately aggressive, a republican official more neglectful of politeness than their counterparts elsewhere; and so on to the end of the chapter. How far this may really be the case in some republics, the United States for instance, I cannot say, never having had the fortune to visit them, nor trusting much to "Notes" where accounts vary so widely. Thus much I can say, that, in my own limited experience of men and things, when a traveller loudly and habitually complains of incivility met with on his wanderings, the probability is that the traveller himself has been, at the least, deficient in courtesy towards those he has come across. In Republican South America my own witness in these regards is, so far as it goes, of the most favourable kind. Certainly I had much sooner, if desirous of obliging civility, have to do with an Uruguayan or Argentine, not

boatman or porter merely, but policeman, official, or any chance acquaintance whatever, low or high, than with his like in many a European land that I could, but will not name.

Again we are on our up-stream way, but now obliquely crossing over towards the north side of the mighty estuary, till what seems at first sight a continuous shore-line of swamp and brushwood, but what is in reality an aggregate of island banks, only just raised above the water-level, and covered with scrub, stretches across our path. These islands are, in fact, the secular bar at the mouth of the Parana River, before it broadens into the wider Plate. We shape our course to the right, where, at a little distance from the mainland shore of Uruguay—here a continuous succession of undulating downs, grazing-ground the most—the little granite island-rock known, like Cape Palinurus of Virgilian fame, by the name of a pilot, Martin Garcia, guards the only available entry from Rio de la Plata and the sea, to the all-important navigation of the Parana and Uruguay rivers. Itself geographically, no less than geologically, a fragment of Uruguay, it belongs territorially to the Argentine Confederation by right of—well—the right of the stronger; a right too generally admitted for dispute or appeal. The channel on either side of it, deep enough for all mercantile navigation is sufficiently commanded by the guns and forts of the place to make a hostile passage no easy matter.

As we leave Martin Garcia behind us, a broad wedge-like streak of darker colour, driven far into the maddy waters of the Plata, from its left or eastern bank, tells where the Uruguay, itself a mighty stream, merges in the great estuary, and marks the limit between the Argentine Confederation, between whose lands more than eight hundred miles of river-navigation lie before us, and the Banda Oriental, or east shore, of which we now take our definite leave. Soon we have entered the Guazu, or great pas-

sage, one of the many that thread between shoal and island, the Parana delta, and are by nightfall on the main river, here often whole miles in width; though its real breadth can rarely be taken in by the eye, partly owing to the general lowness of its reedy banks, partly to the countless islands, which, for its entire course, line at brief intervals now one shore, now the other. They, and the shores too, often disappear for weeks together during the yearly floods, and, thus veiled, add not a little to the difficulties and dangers of the route. At present the water is at its lowest; but even now the stream is rapid and strong; its colour is turbid yellow; its surface often specked with masses of tangled weed and floating drift-wood from forests yet far away.

For five days more we journey up the Parana; passing, and occasionally stopping for cargo or passengers at many places of South American note—each one the outcome of some special activity or enterprise proper to the young and vigorous Confederation, between whose provinces the river flows. And first, Rosario, the city-capital, if fact fill up the outlines of forecast, of the Argentine commercial future; and already the principal focus and dividing point of the widest-spread railroad system existent south of the Isthmus of Panama. Next we salute the memory of the able but ill-fated Urquiza, deliverer of his country from the tyrant Rosas, to fall himself a victim to treachery base as any imbedded in the ice of Dante's *Tolomea*; as we sight the city of Parana, conspicuous by the ambitious dimensions of its public buildings, and the nine-years' memory of its dignity, as Urquiza's choice as capital of the entire Argentine Confederation. Further up "*Bella Vista*," or "*Fair Prospect*," shines out on us worthy of its name, where its white houses crown the high white cliffs that overlook the mighty river; and many other are the places of provincial or even national note, till we reach the confluent

or Corrientes of the Argentine-Paraguayan frontier. But it may, indeed must, be here enough for us to note that during these nine hundred miles of up-stream voyage, south to north, the scenery of either bank, while remaining essentially the same in its main geographical features all the way, is yet gradually modified by the progressive approach to the tropics into ever-increasing beauty and interest. The eastern length of shore, along the fertile provinces of *Entre-Rios* and *Corrientes*, gently rising from the river level into a succession of green uplands, studded with tree clumps, and brightened by white groups of cottages and farmhouses, with a tall church tower here and there, passes by degrees from pasture-land into agriculture, fields of maize, orange-groves, tobacco-plantations, and even sugar-cane; a landscape which, allowance made for brighter colour and glossier vegetation, not without dwarf palms and Japanese-looking bamboo clusters here and there, often reminded me in its general, and even in its detailed, features of the noble backgrounds painted by Rubens, of which an example may be seen in the *Judgment of Paris* in our own National Gallery. There is something Flemish, almost English, in their fertile repose; but here the scale is grander. In this southern Mesopotamia—as "*Entre-Rios*" may be literally translated—nature has bestowed without stint whatever goes to make up those two solid and enduring bases of national prosperity—agriculture, and pasture; the third foundation, indicated by our Laureate in his exquisite landscape scene, "*Ancient Peace*," is wanting here as yet. A few years, indeed, of comparative security and quiet have already done much, as the glimpses of cattle-stocked meadows, and the dark green patches of Indian corn show us, as our steamer rapidly glides past the gully-indented banks; but the peaceful years that have given these good things are, as yet, of recent

date; a very different condition of tumult, insecurity, and not infrequent war prevailed here at a very short distance back from the present epoch. These evils are past, yet not so wholly as absolutely to bar the danger of their possible renewal, or to grant the desirable immunity from the agitations and vicissitudes consequent on the frequent and abrupt political changes of Buenos Ayres itself—communicated thence like earthquake waves to the furthest provinces of the Confederation. Still, enough advance on the path of law and order has been made to give reasonable assurance that the days of Oribe and Rosas, of gaucho-leaders, and partisan plunders are, year by year—as the settled population of the land increases steadily in numbers, wealth, and strength—less, and ever less, likely to recur; while the tale of those who have a vested interest in the tranquillity of the country continues to grow, and with it grows the best probability and pledge of that tranquillity itself. Meanwhile, many detail inventions, some of them undoubted improvements, of recent introduction, such as the increased use of machinery on the farms, the net-work of strong wire fences, now spread over the face of the pasture-land; the extension of railway lines, and whatever other appliances tend to the facilitation of orderly communication, to the safe-guarding of property, and to the substitution of methodised labour for the once over-numerous troops of half-wild horsemen and cattle-drivers—ready allies in the cause of riot and plunder—all lead up to the same result. It would be difficult now for a “caudillo,” or an adventurer-chief, however popular his name or cause—to gather round his standard the formidable gaucho bands, all ready armed and mounted for march or fray, that were, scarce a quarter of a century ago, the terror of farmers and proprietors, of land-owners and peasants, nay, even of townsmen and towns, of place-holding professionals and city officials through

the regions of La Plata and La Banda Oriental. But the surest guarantee of national stability is to be sought and found in the extension of agriculture, and in the yearly encroachment of peasant, or small farmer, proprietorship on the scantily peopled pasture-grounds and cattle-breeding lands.

Thus much for the east bank of the river. But on its western side a very different range of scenery, little modified by man and his works, shows the gradual transition from cool to almost tropical climes. For here stretches back for hundreds of miles from the water's edge, up to the first outlying bulwarks of the great Andes Cordillera, the vast plain, level as the sea, of which it must have been the bed in times almost recent by geological computation, and known for the “Grand Chaco,” the “Sahara” or Flat of South America, like in relative position and telluric formation to its African counterpart, yet most unlike in: the all-important attributes of moisture and fertility. For this, the Chaco, is a land of streams and springs, of marsh even and swamp, with abundant growth of grass, plant, and tree, especially to the north; its total extent is roughly estimated as that of the British islands fourfold. Nominally included, though not without rival claims on the part of Paraguay and of Bolivia, in the Argentine Confederation, it is practically independent of all these, or of any other European-founded rule, being still, as of old times, the territory and dwelling-place of native Indian tribes, warlike the most part, tenaciously attached—and small blame—to their own autonomous existence, and resistant to the last—a “last” which can hardly now be far distant—against every Argentine attempt at civilising—that is, in plain language, subjugating and ultimately effacing them. Passively strong in their unincumbered activity for escape even more than for attack, and protected by the vastness of the open space over which they wander at will, they have

thus far not only succeeded in baffling the organised military expeditions, successively directed against them by the Buenos Ayres Government, but have even baffled all but the narrowest encroachments of settlement and colonial proprietorship on their borders. Known, or rather designated by various names—Tobas, Mbayas, Lenguas, Abipones, Payaguas, and others—the tribes, with a certain general similitude of features and habits, much like that existing, say, between the various subdivisions of Teutonic or Slavonic origins in Europe, yet differ widely in character, dispositions, and language; some are pacific, and not unacquainted with agriculture and settled life; others, more warlike, subsist, it is said, almost wholly on the chase and foray; some are almost exclusively fishermen, others herdsmen or shepherds. Their dialects, equally diversified, for each tribe has its own, can all, it seems, be without exception referred to the two great mother tongues of South America, the Quichna, language of Peru and Bolivia, and the Guarani, spoken in one form or other over the entire eastern half of the continent, and of which more anon.

Such are, summarily taken, the inhabitants of the Chaco. Extending from the populous province of Santa Fé, opposite to that of Entre-Rios northward, up to and beyond the furthest limits of Paraguay, its level surface, seldom modified, however slightly, by difference of elevation or by the hand of man, presents in its changing vegetation a kind of scale by which to measure, not incorrectly, the ever-ascending range of its thermometric temperature. The solitary, oak-like ombu-tree, and the dwarfish willow and light-leaved poplar of the neighbourhood of Rosario and Santa Fé, gradually associate themselves further up with more varied and vigorous South-American growths, and the tall outlines of forest-trees, worthy the name, trace themselves more and more frequently on the low sky-line, till, as we approach about half-way to

Corrientes, palms, at first sparse and stunted in structure, then loftier and grouped in clusters and groves, give evidence of a more genial temperature; while the bamboo, not, indeed, the feathery giant of the Philippines or Siam, but liker in size and fashion to the Chinese or Japanese variety, bends over the doubtful margin of river and swamp, often tangled with large-leaved water-plants and creepers, the shelter and perch of gay kingfishers and flocks of parti-coloured aquatic birds, the only visible inhabitants of this lone region, for the Indian tribes, shy, nor unreasonably so, of contact with the white races, keep aloof from the river coast, or, if they visit it, leave no trace of their having been there.

At last, on the sixth noon since we left Montevideo, we are off the shelving banks and scattered houses of Corrientes, a large town, whose importance and future growth are sufficiently assured by its position close to the junction of the two chiefest rivers of central and eastern South America, the Parana and the Paraguay. Of these the former—now subdividing itself into a network of countless and ever-shifting channels and islands, now united in one mighty stream of turbid yellow, here, a few miles north of the town—makes a stately bend, that half surrounds the fertile grazing-lands of Corrientes, and passes upwards to the north-east, where the eye loses sight of it among the dense forests of either bank; while from the north, exactly on the line thus far occupied by the Parana, descend the darker-coloured waters of the Paraguay, itself a noble river, here over half a mile in width, with an open, well-defined channel, few islands, and a current strong even now, at the lowest water-time of the year. At this junction of the three great streams, a scene surpassing in beauty and calm grandeur any other of the kind that it has been my lot to look on elsewhere, we reach the southernmost limits of the Paraguayan territory, separated from the Argentine, and in great part

from the Brazilian, to the south and east by the Parana, while on the west the Paraguay divides it from the Grand Chaco, and northward the Apa, itself a tributary stream of the Paraguay, forms the boundary of the little but compact dominion. Thus surrounded, the land of Paraguay enjoys the advantages of an almost insular position, a circumstance which has, no doubt, considerably influenced alike its history and the character of its inhabitants in all times.

Seen under the dazzling brilliancy of a South American sun, an adjunct rarely wanting here to the landscape, whatever the season of the year, Corrientes and its surroundings make up a panorama of rare loveliness and interest. To the east of us the glittering slope rises from the water upwards, with a foreground of small steamers, sailing-vessels, and countless boats moored along its margin, and above, a long succession of white, flat-roofed buildings, varied by tall church towers and the high fronts of public edifices—among them the spacious government house, once a Jesuit college; mixed with these are bright flower-gardens, dark green orange-groves and overtopping palms; beyond lie long ranges of tilled land and rich pasture meadows, bordered by strips and patches of forest; till, north-east, the majestic curve of the shining river, reaching miles and miles away into the distance, rests on and blends with the white horizon line. North the sight rests on the cool, dense forests of Paraguay, and, breaking forth from among them, the mighty river of that land, sweeping down to merge its name and itself in the Parana; while eastward extends the boundless green of the fertile though scarce tenanted Chaco. And to the south flow and mingle the wide-spread meshes of the Argentine River, a net of silver cast over a plain of emerald. A region as yet only the cradle of nations; worthy to be one day their abode and palace. Already, signs are not wanting of hopeful meaning for the future; such

are the crowds of boatmen, sailors, cattle-drivers, waggoners, peasants, townsmen, who give life to the wharves. The ceaseless loading and unloading as cargoes of hides, wool, maize, flour, wood, fruits, &c., are shipped or transferred from one hold to another; the herds of large, sleek, long-horned cattle grazing; the rich pasture-lands by the river; the troops of half-tamed horses, a spirited and enduring breed, excellent for all kinds of work; the many specks and patches of shining white, that tell of farm-houses and dwellings, scattered frequent, over the uplands beyond; these and much more denote at once the energy and the rising fortunes of the "Corrientinos," as the inhabitants of the land are called, and who, though yearly recruited more and more with immigrants of various nationalities, yet form the bulk of the resident population and give their tone to the rest. A tall, sinewy, hard-featured, manly race, of north Spanish origin mostly, but with a frequent dash of Indian or "Guarani" blood—evidenced by the darkness of their hair, their complexion, and their eyes; they make a good, not unpicturesque, appearance in their striped ponchos—how it comes that these most convenient articles of out-of-door dress, manufactured the most nowadays in England, are not a general European dress is a riddle to me—their slouched, broad-brimmed hats of felt or straw, and their wide boots, often adorned, after the traditional South American fashion with huge silver-plated spurs, though these last are falling into gradual disuse, and bearing similarly adorned whips of cowhide in their hands. Hardy and enterprising in no ordinary degree, they are not always amenable to the restraints of law and government; yet not of themselves wantonly turbulent or disposed to acts of violence; they make up an excellent substratum and material for a state that cannot fail to hold high rank among those of the south equatorial world, whether it remain a component

factor of the over-composite Argentine Confederation, or claim, as it is not wholly improbable it may, independence on its own account. The prevalent or, so to call it, official language throughout Corrientes is Spanish, but in the interior of the household, and out in the fields Guarani is widely spoken; a link, among many others, of unity between these provincials and the neighbouring Paraguayans. The Chaco opposite is also, as to the tribes that roam over it and the dialects they employ, in great measure a Guarani country; and, in spite of an expedition, actually sent thither in view of subjugation by the central Argentine Government, whose transports were lying moored alongside of the right bank as we passed—likely to remain so for years to come; nor have even the narrow encroachments of settlement and colonial proprietorship on its borders much success to boast of as yet.

"Here it was," said an Argentine passenger to me, as we stood together on the paddle-box of our steamer, gazing on the magnificent view before us, "here it was that the main army of the allies forced an entrance into Paraguay." He pointed to a strip of slightly rising ground on the northern bank of the Parana, just beyond its easterly bend; the spot he indicated was backed seemingly by dense forest, and flanked by swamp and morass on either side. This was in fact *Paso la Patria*, the only available landing point for troops crossing the stream from Corrientes; and here it was that a united army of Brazilians, Argentines, and Uruguayans, more than 60,000 men in all, well-trained soldiers and supplied with the best of modern artillery, arms, and ammunition, and commanded by the best generals their respective countries could supply, were held for six long months at bay by considerably less than half their number of badly-armed, badly-clothed, worse fed Paraguayan recruits; and only at last succeeded in forcing the river passage at an

immense loss, thanks not so much to their own courage or skill as to the rash over-daring of the Paraguayans themselves, who, again and again, abandoned the shelter of their defences to assume an offensive action, for which neither their number nor their means were in any degree sufficient.

There is no need here to recount, even in abstract, the tragic story of the great Paraguayan war of 1865-70. Six disastrous years, which so nearly accomplished the avowed aim of Paraguay's bitterest enemy, Brazil—for the Argentine and the Oriental Republics were merely the instruments of Brazilian policy throughout, and shared less in the intentions than in the acts of the empire—that, namely, of wiping out of existence the most heroic, and, in many respects, the most hope-affording nationality of South America. Nor shall I recapitulate the almost incredible follies and crimes of the selfish and parricidal madman, on whose behalf, simply because he was their lord and chief, the Paraguayans poured out their blood like water on the battle field, while their wives and children perished by thousands in the mountains and forests, till scarce a third of what had been so lately a prosperous and rapidly increasing population was left, naked, starving, houseless, within the diminished limits of a land six years before a garden of Eden—now a desolate wilderness. Whoever wishes to know the details of that ruin may find them told, clumsily indeed and in writings devoid of literary merit, yet bearing sufficient evidence of general truth, by Thomson, Masterman, and others of their class, actors themselves or sufferers in what they describe. Enough at present to say that from the Paraguayan officer, who, borne wounded and senseless from the mad fray on board a Brazilian steamer, only regained consciousness to tear off the bandages, applied by pitying enemies to his wounds, and chose to bleed to death then and there rather than live an hour as a prisoner, down

to the meanest private who, lying mangled and helpless on the field, had no answer for the offered quarter but a defiance or an attempted blow, one spirit only, that of devoted, all-absorbing patriotism, of a determination to dare everything in the country's defence, and an equally firm resolution not to survive its downfall, was the spirit of the entire Paraguayan nation; the spirit of Saguntum and Numantia, of Spartan Thermopylæ and Theban Charonea in one

But not the Paraguay of the past—if indeed events that occurred within the last twenty years only can historically be termed past—but the Paraguay of the present is our theme. Keeping straight on to the north we have left the wide expanse of the deflected Parana behind us on our right, and are now between the comparatively high and densely wooded banks of the Paraguay River, hereabouts turbid and swollen by the discoloured waters of the Vermejo, or “Red” River, its tributary from the Western Chaco, and the Bolivian hills far away. With a stream seldom subdivided, and a width equalling on an average that of the Lower Danube at Widdin or Roustchouk, the Paraguay has, at least to a European eye, much more of the appearance of a river than the seemingly shoreless Plata, or the indefinitely ramified Parana. The banks too are much more varied in character than those of the last-named stream: clay, rock, sandstone, limestone, basalt, succeeding each other in abrupt alternation; the vegetation is also more abundant and diversified; forest trees of great height and extent of branch, attesting the toughness of their wood fibre, and among them palms of every kind, some feathery, as the coco, some fan-leaved, some densely tufted, tall bamboos, tree ferns, resembling those of the Antilles, and a close undergrowth of shrub and plant, now starred with spring flowers, among which the white and pink predominate, as the yellow in many districts of China and the blue in European uplands. Along

the banks, among weed and drift-wood, half in, half out of the water, lie huge, mud-coloured alligators. I am told that they are not alligators but crocodiles; it may be so, though in what precisely an alligator differs from a crocodile I do not know; anyhow these amphibia of the Paraguay are, in outward appearance the very counterparts of their congeners in Siam. They watch us with dull, heavy eyes; every now and then a pig-like “carpincho,” a sort of would-be-hippopotamus, dives out of sight at our approach; and we hear much of tigers, or rather panthers, said to abound hereabouts and to be good swimmers, but we do not meet any. To make up we see abundance of water-snakes, ugly speckled things, said to be poisonous; and birds of every size, description, and colour. Frequent too, on either side of the river, but most so on the eastern, are the signs of human habitation; pot-herb gardens, where gourds abound, fruit-trees, orange groves, now more golden than green in the lavish abundance of their sweet fruit; little, almost country-English looking, cottages, singly or in small groups, with neighbouring inclosures for cattle, perched on the upper banks at safe distance from the yearly water-rise, while, moored under the shade of over-hanging brush-wood and creepers lie boats with mast or oar; canoes too with paddles, Indian fashion, are not rare. Such for a hundred miles and more upward from its junction with the Parana is the general aspect of the Paraguay and its shores. Of the war that raged so fiercely over and along this very river district in 1866-68, of the terrible combat of Bellaco, when the flower of the Paraguayan nationality, and indeed, whatever was yet available of the Paraguayan army, pitted in utter defiance, alike of strategy and of tactics, against an enemy thrice over their superior in numbers, and ten times so in arms and every appliance of war, with all the advantages too of a strongly intrenched position, perished in its reckless daring—refus-

ing quarter or surrender almost to a man. Of the battle of Curupati, a little higher up, and the fierce onslaught of Tuyuti, where some eight thousand Paraguayan recruits, the half of them mere boys of twelve to sixteen years, drove before them, panic-stricken, the best of the allied armies, burnt and sacked their camp, and reduced them to an inaction of months before they ventured on further advance, and of the countless skirmishes, ambuscades, surprises, bombardments, land-fights, river-fights, which, in league with famine, fire, and plague, made of these fair valleys one vast charnel house for at least a hundred and fifty thousand corpses, not a visible trace now remains.

"A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away ;
And slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks ;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glassed with its dancing light the sunny ray."

So sang Byron of the Rhine ; so might he, with scarce the change of a word, have sung of the lower Paraguay. Nature's "work of gladness," an hour interrupted by man's equally appropriate work of destruction and misery, is soon resumed ; with real or feigned indifference the mother-Sphinx smiles on, whatever betide the wayfarers of her domain.

Soon, however, we come on a break in the scene. The river, hemmed in to narrowness by high banks on either side, makes a sharp bend, or, rather, folds round upon itself, changing its direction from north to south-east, then south, then due east, then by west to the north again ; and amid these windings each shore, but principally the Paraguayan, is scarred by the traces of ruined batteries, range above range ; while some ruins of broken walls, that once were barracks and storehouses, amid dismantled field-

lines and earthworks, are overtopped by the tall ruins of a stately church—now a shattered shell of brick and stone. This is all that remains of Humaita, the important river-position fortified by Lopez to be the Cronstadt or Chatham of Paraguay, the outermost and strongest bulwark of the interior and its capital, Asuncion. Nor could a better site have been chosen, had the means of defence been proportionate by land or water to the natural advantages of the position itself. Here, in 1868, a native garrison, scarce three thousand strong, held out, not by the strength of the outworks, which they were numerically insufficient to man, nor by strength of artillery, of which, as of ammunition, they had little at command, and that of the worst quality, but by sheer dogged resolution and hand-to-hand fighting for four months of continual bombardment ; carried on by a besieging force of at least twenty thousand men, backed from the river by a numerous fleet of iron-clads and monitors, Brazilian and Argentine, well supplied with whatever modern ingenuity has supplied to destructiveness, nor yielded till starvation compelled the surrender of the survivors, now less than a third of their original number, and who, at the time of their capitulation, had been four days without food of any sort.

Never was a ruler, a chief, better served by his subjects than Solano Francisco Lopez, second of the family name ; and never did any one personally less deserve such devotedness, and fidelity. While the Paraguayans, whom his reckless and disproportioned ambition, or vanity, alone had involved in a war with half, and more than half, the South American continent, a war of one to twenty, in which defeat and ruin might well from the outset have seemed foregone conclusions, were perishing for him by battalions in the field, or starving in the forest ; men women and children, during the six long years of a nation's agony, preferring death in its worst forms to

foreign rule, or to any conditions of peace with the invaders of their land; Lopez himself, sole cause and originator of the war, well provided not merely with the necessaries, but even with the luxuries of life, lay hid behind the securest defences, or remained absent at safe distance from the scene of actual combat: nay, worse yet, exercised on those within his immediate reach, on the best and most faithful of his own officers and servants, and ultimately on his nearest kinsmen, on his brothers, his sisters, his very mother, cruelties to which history, fortunately, supplies few parallels—I might almost say, taken in their totality, none. And yet it was for this man, sensualist, coward, tyrant, fratricide, matricide, that Paraguay lavished with scarce a murmur three-fourths of her life-blood; saw her men, women, and children exterminated by war, by disease, by famine, by misery of every kind, or carried off as slaves into distant bondage; saw her towns destroyed, her villages and fields wasted, her cattle harried, her wealth plundered to absolute bareness, nor even then submitted; only ceased to strive when she had practically, and for all national purposes, ceased to exist. More yet, were Lopez himself, in the worst anger of the infernal gods, to revive to-morrow on Paraguayan territory, his reappearance would, there is every reason to believe, at once rally round him the obedience and the devotion of a vast majority among the yet surviving inhabitants of the land.

Rare even in Asia, rarer in Europe, rarest of all in the loosely-constituted, half-cemented societies of the New World, such fidelity as that of the Paraguayans stands out in history as a phenomenon hard to explain, an insoluble riddle, an enigma, almost a scandal to those around. Many and far-fetched enough in all conscience have been the conjectures. Thus, for instance, I have heard Paraguayan loyalty to this last and most unworthy of chiefs, no less than the submission

shown to his far better and abler father, Carlo Lopez, and to the talented but half insane Francia of earlier years, attributed to—*stupete gentes!*—Jesuit training; and referred to ancestral education in the celebrated but greatly exaggerated “missions,” situated, for the most part, outside of the Paraguayan territory, of the sons of Loyola, long since overthrown by Spanish jealousy, dead for more than half a century before the first appearance of Francia, and buried beneath the ponderous verse of Southey, and the “Tale of Paraguay.” A supposition, betraying no small ignorance as of the merits, so also of the defects of Jesuit teaching, and a yet greater ignorance of chronology and of the local facts themselves. The much talked-of “missions,” or “reductions,” were almost wholly either in extra-Paraguay territory, that namely yet entitled “Misiones,” south of the Parana, or in Uruguay, or, further off yet, in Patagonia; and numbered at the most, taken conjointly, 170,000 souls. Besides, the disciples of the Jesuit Fathers were wholly and solely Indian, of Guarani race indeed the most, and so far identical with the Aborigines of Paraguay proper, but absolutely without, indeed carefully kept apart from, the Spanish element, which not only blends with but greatly preponderates over the “native,” or Guarani in the Paraguay of later history and of our own times. True the order of the Jesuits had, like other religious orders, its representatives in Spanish Paraguay, that is, down to the suppression of 1767; but their influence there, as elsewhere, could have been at the most corrective, not formative of the national character.

Other theorists again, somewhat better, perhaps, acquainted with the history of these lands, “account for” Paraguayan patriotism and loyalty, by attributing them to a kind of brutalisation supposed to have been induced by the tyranny of Francia and of the Lopez family; a psychological paradox that Godwin’s self

might have admired, but hardly surpassed : to state is to refute it. Besides, the form of government voluntarily adopted by an independent state, such as was the Republic of Paraguay ever since its final emancipation from the Buenos Ayres yoke in 1811, is not nor can, of its very nature, be an extraneous influence, a moulding force introduced from without, but, on the contrary, a self-consistent development, an expression of the national idea from within. It is the nation that creates the government, not the government the nation. The follies, the crimes of a Francia, a Solano Lopez are personal and their own; the position they hold, the power they use or abuse, the honour paid, the obedience are the people's. Patriotism, loyalty, devotion to a cause, to a leader, may indeed be fostered, be encouraged, they cannot be given by others, however skilful, far less can they be enforced, they are not things taught, but innate, not acquired, but connatural to the race.

And thus it was with the Paraguayan nation. Half Basque, for such was the greater part of the original Spanish immigration in these regions, half Guarani-Indian, it united in itself the tenacious courage, the unconquerable fidelity of the countrymen of Pelazo, to the indifference to life, the dread of dishonour, and the unhesitating obedience to their chief that have at all times and in all lands distinguished the Turanian, and, among the many off-shoots of that great stock, the Guarani race. And when, during the September of 1877, at the distance of half the globe, the Japanese Saigo, and his five hundred warriors of Satzuma, defended the heights of Shira-yama against fifteen thousand men, nor surrendered till death, they did but reproduce the heroism of their far-off Paraguayan half-cousins, alike out-numbered, alike unyielding to the last, at Humaita, at Yoati, at Cerro-Cora, eight years before. Nor is there any need to search further after the causes, the origin of that indomit-

able, more than Spartan, spirit : it is the undoubted heritage of a twofold race moulded into one, nor to be extinguished but with the race itself.

Enough of this ; pleasanter scenes, suggestive of more cheerful thoughts and anticipations, await us in Paraguay. The Humaita ruins are already lost to sight among the graceful palms and dense orange-groves of the country around ; the narrow river-bend widens out again into a broad and easy waterway, with abundant evidence of reviving happiness and prosperity along the green banks and meadows by its margin. Our next anchorage, for a few hours only, is off the flourishing little town of Pilar, the "ñeembuin," or "loud voice" of Guarani nomenclature, prettily situated on its small hill, yet almost hid from river view by the dense orchard screen intervening : it numbers, with its outlying hamlets, over 10,000 inhabitants, many of them settlers from not-distant Corrientes, and gives us, in the aspect of its cottage-like houses and clean-kept streets and square, a foretaste of the neatness proper to Paraguayan villages and homes. No South American race has cleaner instincts in person, dress, and dwelling than the Paraguayan ; so far as my experience goes, cleanliness is the rule, not the exception, throughout South America, Brazil, perhaps, in part, excepted. Pilar, at present the entrance harbour and commerce-gate of the Republic, was, in days not very far back, the only point of immediate contact between Paraguay and the outer world permitted by the jealous policy of Francia ; and is even now, when the navigation and traffic of the Paraguay river are free from any exceptional restraints, an important wharf, thanks to its excellent position.

Doctor Francia's prohibitory system, by which he for many years isolated Paraguayan territory from what Carlyle has, graphically enough, *more suo*, if not exhaustively, designated as a "bewildered gaucho world," has been made a favourite theme for wordy

abuse by a troop of superficial *soi-disant* liberal writers and interested assailants, from the Robertsons downwards. Nor would I for a moment wish even to palliate, much less to defend, the arbitrary and often cruel measures by which he carried out or supplemented his design. Yet in the main, and considering the isolation of the country as merely a temporary measure of protection against the fatal disintegration which must necessarily have ensued had Paraguay, with its yet unconsolidated and defenceless nationality, been left open to the irruption of the seething and surging deluge around, the Francian policy was right, and found ample justification in the astonishing vigour and concentrated patriotism of the little state, as displayed in the following generation; a vigour not even yet, after the unparalleled disasters of the late war, wholly exhausted.

For about one hundred and fifty miles more we continue our up-stream way by the noble river, somewhat lessened in bulk above the confluence of the Vermejo, and now in breadth and volume of water equalling, in its yearly average of fulness, the Danube at Orsova; while in beauty of banks and scenery it much resembles the same river in its course from Regenswerth to Vienna, only that here the sub-tropical luxuriance of palms, bamboos, cacti, ferns, and broad-leaved undergrowths of glossy green—for here the predominance of leaf over flower, so correctly noted by A. Wallace, as characteristic of the tropics, begins to make itself felt—impart to the Guarani landscape a special charm denied to the land of the southern Teutons. Several small towns, each with its nucleus of thirty or forty houses, the remaining dwellings being widely scattered around among gardens and orchards, peep, at safe distance from the annual floods, over the wooded banks. Of all these centres of reviving life none is prettier or livelier than Villeta, not far below the capital, Asuncion, and famous for its orange-

groves, whose produce suffices for the markets of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo both. It is a pleasant sight to see the fruit brought on board, as it always is, by long files of women, talking, laughing, singing as they trip along the planks that lead a considerable distance from the shore to the steamer, in their long white sacques, girt round the waist, and white cloths arranged mantilla-fashion over their heads—the invariable dress of the village daughters of the land. I had the good luck to be witness of the scene by torchlight, when dropping down the river on my return several weeks later.

Above Villeta the east bank sinks to the water-level and opens out a scene of exquisite loveliness. Far inland, across the plains, that here stretch to twenty and thirty miles distant from the river, field and orchard, farmhouse and cottage, with silvery glimpses of countless streams, tributaries of the Paraguay, and darker patches of forest: beyond, the blue serrated ranges of Mount Akai close in the view on the east; to the north the quaint, conical hill of Lambari, covered with bright-green brushwood from base to summit, rises isolated from the water's edge and hides from view the town of Asuncion close beyond it. This region is described, some years before the war, by Commander Page, of the well-known United States' expedition up these rivers, as one densely peopled in proportion to its fertility; and though terribly wasted during the later years of the great conflict and the Brazilian occupation that followed, it gives, in the frequency of its restored cottages, and the wide extent of its cultivation, clear evidence of returning prosperity and, if not wealth, at least sufficiency. Hour by hour, as we advance, the dwellings stand more frequent among the trees, the fruit or wood-laden boats and gliding canoes more and more enliven the river, till, rounding the basalt mass of Lambari, we come full in view of the Paraguayan capital;

and, making our way with caution—for the water is at this time of the year at its lowest, the highest being in April or thereabouts—among the shoals that here beset the widened channel, we cast anchor opposite the Custom-house landing-place, at the western extremity of the town, which, owing to a sudden bend in the river, lies west and east.

The scene before us makes a striking contrast to that we have so lately witnessed. Nature soon repairs or conceals the traces of evil done by the wantonness of man; fields, corpse-strewn and blackened with fire one year, may be waving in all the golden luxuriance of harvest the next; orchard trees, though hewn and shattered, are not long in putting forth new boughs, clothed with fresh foliage and fruit; more yet, peasant cottages and even villages are speedily rebuilt; a few added years of peace, and the deficiency in the rustic population will have made itself good and disappeared. And thus it is with the country surroundings of Asuncion. Not so the town; its spacious edifices, churches, or public buildings, some disused and deserted; others, in their half neglect, evidently all too wide for the shrunken requirements of a diminished state and people; others, sad monuments of ambitious and premature vanity, now shattered and shamefully defaced; everywhere empty shells of what once were happy dwellings, streets broken by wide gaps of ruin, and every token of havoc and spoil—these are wounds slow to heal, mutilations not easily replaced by fresh growth. But saddest of all sights in Asuncion is the very first and most conspicuous object seen from the river: the enormous palace of Francisco Solano Lopez, barely completed before its lord's own downfall, now an empty shell, fronting the stream in long rows of dismantled portals and windows, black, ragged holes, like the eye-sockets of a skull. Its shattered turrets, shivered cornices, and broken

parapets announce only too faithfully the absolute devastation of the lone and dismantled interior, whence the Brazilian plunderers carried off whatever they could lay hands on, even to the timber of the floors and the steps of the staircases, besides hacking and defacing whatever, from its nature, could not be carried away. Thus the palace has remained in appearance and condition, much resembling the Tuileries as I remember seeing them as late as '77, and, like them, the wretched memorial of a sham Imperialism, cemented by immorality, and based on violence and fraud. For Lopez was one, nor the least, of the many foolish moths, lured on to their destruction by the false glitter of the second empire; and the same year of 1870 that witnessed the overthrow of that colossal imposture at Sedan, witnessed, too, its new-world copy, Paraguayan pseudo-Imperialism, laid prostrate with its dying chief on the bloody banks of the Aquidaban; more fortunate indeed than its French prototype—because illumined at least by one bright ray of honour in the warrior-death of Lopez, who, in that last moment, showed himself worthy of the hero-race he had too long misgoverned, while nothing but shame attends on the memories of Sedan.

Within the town itself, the roofless walls of a spacious but unfinished theatre, and the rough sketch, which, however, it would be a pity to leave as such, for the proportions are good, of a domed oratory, near the centre of the city, are also memorials of the vaulting ambition that o'erleapt itself and fell. The cathedral, and the yet older church called of Encarnacion, where Francia sought but did not find a final resting-place, are heavy, ungraceful constructions of Spanish times. Nor have the government buildings, one of which was not *the* but *a* house of the terrible Dictator, for he had many, and continually shifted from one to another, for fear, it is said, of assassination, any pretension to beauty, hardly, to show. Nor

are the remains of the old Jesuit college, now converted into barracks, any way remarkable. The streets, wide and regular, are ill-paved and deep in sand; the public squares undecorated and bare. On the other hand, the dwelling houses, at least such of them as are constructed on the old Hispano-American plan, so admirably adapted to the requirements of the climate, are solidly built and not devoid of that beauty which domestic architecture never fails to have when in accordance with domestic feeling and life: cool courts, thick walls, deeply recessed doors and windows, projecting eaves, heavy and protective roofs; the furniture, of native woodwork, solid and tastefully carved, the pavement not rarely of marble, local or imported. I may here remark, in a passing way, that hard forest woods, often ornamental, and susceptible of high polish and delicate work, and marbles of various kinds and colours, some not inferior in beauty of marking to any that Italy herself can boast, will, when Paraguay is herself once more, take high place on the lists of her productions and merchandise. Needless to say that the houses are all of them, as houses should be, in a healthy but hot situation, one-storied, except where a mania for European imitation, encouraged by Lopez, among other shams of Parisian origin, has reared a few uncomfortable and ill-seeming dwellings of two or even three stories, flimsy, pretentious, and at variance alike with the climate and the habits of Paraguay. To these unlucky anomalies may be added the huge, ill-built, unshapely railway station (the railway line itself runs to the town of Paraguari, about forty-five miles south-east, and is the earliest in date among South American lines) at the east end of the town; though this construction fortunately possesses one good quality which may avail to remedy all its many bad ones—the quality of evident non-durability. As to the railway itself, it is, like most things involving complicated machinery and large capi-

tal in South America, a foreign undertaking, under foreign management; with what benefit to the managers themselves and the shareholders I know not: a minimum of convenience and utility to the country and its inhabitants is, at present, anyhow, the most evident result. Nor is this either new or strange. "You must scratch your own head with your own nails," says the homely Arab proverb; and if the resources of a land do not suffice to its public enterprises, even the most urgently needed ones not excepted, without calling in the capital and aid of foreigners—well—it had better wait till they do suffice. In this particular instance, however, amendment is promised; let us hope it will be effected.

Pleasantest and cheerfullest of all out-door sights to the visitor of Asuncion is the market-place, situated, as near as may be, in the centre of the town. It is a large square block of open arcades and pillared roof, whither the villagers from around daily bring their produce, intermixed with other wares of cheap price and habitual consumption; the vendors are almost exclusively women. Maize, water-melons, gourds, pumpkins, oranges, manioc flour, sweet potatoes, and with these half-baked bread, cakes, biscuits, and sweets, such are the chief comestibles; tobacco, of dark colour and strong flavour, and "yerva," the dried and pulverised leaf often spoken of as "Paraguayan tea," may be added to the list. Alongside of these a medley of cheap articles, for use or ornament, mostly of European manufacture, matches, combs, cigarette paper, pots and pans, water-jars, rope, knives, hatchets, small looking-glasses, handkerchiefs, ponchos, native saddles, much resembling Turkish ones, and very commodious for riding in, coarse silver ornaments—I might fill a page more at least with the list—are exposed for sale. But the chief interest of the scene is the study of the buyers and sellers themselves. The men, who mostly belong to the former class, and are from the villages round about,

arrive mounted on small rough-coated horses, unclipped of mane or tail. The rider's dress consists of a pair of loose cotton drawers, coarsely embroidered, and over them and round the waist a many-folded loin-cloth, generally white; or else in a pair of loose, baggy trousers, much like those worn by Turkish peasants in Anatolia, and girt by a broad leather belt, almost an apron for width. These, with a white shirt, and over all a striped or flowered poncho, complete the dress; boots are rarely worn, though the bare feet are sometimes, but rarely, equipped with silver-plated spurs. The features and build of the riders present every gradation of type from the light-complexioned, brown-haired, red-bearded, honest manliness of the ancestral Basque, to the copper hue, straight black hair, narrow dark eyes, obliquely set, beardless chin, flattened nose, and small wiry frame of the aboriginal Guarani. But it is not with the Spanish as with the Lusatian breeds. For while the latter when crossed with Turanian, Aryo-Asiatic, or African blood passes at once into an inferior type of physical degeneration, as Goa, Macao, Timor, and Brazil, unfortunately prove beyond question, the Spanish seems, when similarly blended, to result generally in a progeny noway inferior in corporal strength and comeliness to the Iberian stock, and occasionally superior. The fact is one continually noticed, and much commented on; yet I have never either heard or been able myself to supply any plausible conjecture of its cause. Nor again among the Creole descendants of Hispano-Indian parents is the trite, and, in too many other instances, over-truer remark that the "mestizo" or half-blood generally exhibits in

himself the good of neither stock, the evil of both, in the least verified; far more often the exact reverse, as here in Paraguay, where Vascon honour, truthfulness, daring, and generosity, have blended with Guarani gentleness, endurance, and unquestioning loyalty, even to the death, into a type that is not the exception but the rule.

Such are the Paraguayans of the country. In Asuncion itself, under the combined influence of a large number of foreign residents, of a river-traffic that gives the town somewhat of the character of a sea-port, and of the evils, physical and social, inseparable, it seems, from large towns and capitals, the national type is, necessarily, not so uniform or pure. In fact, to judge of Paraguay in general by the sights and experiences of Asuncion, would be no less unjust than to take Southampton, Liverpool, or even London, whercupon to form an exhaustive estimate of England and its inhabitants. Here, too, at the capital, the depression, or prostration rather, consequent on the late war, has been deepest, and is even now most persistent. Yet of the courtesy, the hospitality, the sociability, the cheerfulness, the music, the dancing, for all which Paraguay has long been celebrated, nor wrongly so, the visitor will even now find plenty to greet him in Asuncion, where, among the officials especially, he will meet the most highly endowed by birth and education that the nation can show. Still, after all, it is not here, but in the country districts that the distinctive patterns of Paraguayan life are clearest drawn; and it is there accordingly that my readers, if they care to accompany me, must seek them.

To be concluded in the next Number.

A HINT TO PEOPLE WITH MODEST MEANS.

THERE are some classes of the community to whom it ought to be needless to offer advice about emigrating to the Antipodes. The man who is not afraid of work, and who can handle pick, or spade, or an axe, must be strangely ignorant if he does not know by this time that his means of supporting a family, and his chances of getting on will be increased about four-fold by going out to Australia. He cannot earn less than 5s. a day, and is not unlikely to command 7s., even for rough work, while if he be a mason, a bricklayer, or a skilled mechanic, he may count on from 10s. to 12s., and may, in certain trades and at certain times, get from 14s. to 16s. for the eight hours' work. Neither are these advantages counterbalanced by any real drawbacks. Food is cheaper than in England; mutton selling for from 3d. to 4½d. a pound, beef costing from 6d. to 8d., bread ruling a little less than in England, and tea being about 3d. a pound cheaper. The cost of fuel differs very much according to locality, but it is generally about as cheap to burn wood in Australia as coal in England, and the days when a fire is needed for mere warmth are incomparably fewer. House rent is apt to be dear for working men, but one reason of this is that almost every man spends his first savings in building a house for himself with the aid of a building society, and the demand for hired houses is accordingly small and precarious. Clothes are nominally at English prices, but it must be admitted that this uniformity in the face of transport charges and sometimes of protective duties is apt to be obtained at some sacrifice of quality. Altogether, however, the cost of living is certainly a little less than in England; and in Victoria, where the excellent primary schools are absolutely free, the father of a large

family saves a heavy sum on education. Then, again, the working man in the colonies has enormous advantages over his brother in England from the great ease with which he can invest his savings. There is always cheap land in the market, and the possession of land to the town dweller means that he can speculate in building allotments, while to the countryman it means that he may be farmer, carter, or grazier on a small scale as suits his taste and his capital.

On the other hand, it is very desirable that the immemorial and convenient custom of supposing that men who are not good enough for England will be good enough for Australia, should be discontinued with all possible speed. There are still instances, from time to time, where a man of real ability coming out with first-class testimonials, or having relatives in the colonies, succeeds in establishing himself as a professional man or in commerce. I have known several cases of medical men who have done this, and one where a banker's clerk, highly recommended, was able to get almost as good a place as he had left behind him. As a rule, however, Englishmen may take it for granted that our colonial universities and training schools have been turning out good men for years past; and that the chances are enormously in favour of the native against the emigrant. The solicitor sends briefs to his university friend; the physician hands over work to his old pupil; and the civil service, which used to be a happy hunting ground for young gentlemen who came out with good letters of introduction, is now closed, or likely to be closed, in every colony to all who have not passed a local examination. The scientific man who has come out armed with two or three kindly letters, and has expected to find Australia

unprovided with chemists or geologists ; the young engineer who has not learned, till he lands, that the state constructs all engineering works, and that it employs natives by preference ; the architect, whose specialty is to build poor-houses ; the governess who has excellent private testimonials but no certificate from a public body ; the clerk who speaks a little bad French, and who has left England because his employers would not promote him, are all familiar types of the most creditable class of unsuccessful immigrants.

Formerly there was, no doubt, an opening for cadets of good family with a taste for country life, who found employment on country stations and gradually, in some cases, became wealthy landowners. Whether the instances of good fortune in this line have not been exaggerated by English tradition, which keeps no account of its failures, may perhaps be doubted. As a rule, the great properties in Australia have been formed by men accustomed from their youth upwards to hard work, who never quitted the station for their town club, and who regulated their expenses with an exact economy. At any rate, the time has long passed away since younger sons with small means and without local connection could do anything except on a small scale. Read the early books about settling in Australia, and you will find them assuming that the young sheep farmer begins with 500 or 1,000 sheep, and quickly doubles them year by year, having within reach unlimited land which he may take up. Now even the parts of Australia that still figure in English maps as deserts are covered with sheep, or at the least are held on speculation by large firms, and can only be taken up by men who command abundant resources. Twenty years ago a wealthy possessor of sheep-runs to whom young Englishmen used to be consigned, was supposed to set apart the least valuable of his runs as a place where they might see bush life at the smallest possible cost to

himself. At present it would need very good introductions to procure even as much as this for "a new chum." There is still some unoccupied territory in the north, but, as a rule, the owner of a squatting property is no more anxious than a London banker or merchant to take strangers into partnership.

It is only right to close this list of undesirable emigrants by the mention of "ne'er-do-weels." We get only too many of them, and it may be doubted if there is a single case where a man addicted to drink at home has abandoned the habit when he found himself in a colony, removed from the restraining influence of friends. The isolation, the lower companionship, the fits of despondency to which a comer of this class is exposed during his first struggles to achieve a position in a new society, are all terribly against his chances of reform. Neither is it the case, as a rule, that a man who has sunk into any moral depth at home has the vigour to begin life anew on the other side of the world ; more commonly he is haunted by the sense that his reputation has followed him, and prefers to decline upon a lower level of life, perhaps with a sort of feeling that in this way he may escape more completely from his old self.

Meanwhile there is a large class who seem to be out of place at home, and who would make excellent settlers in the British colonies, if they could only be induced to come out. The number of Englishmen who live on the Continent because they cannot afford to live in England is to be counted literally by thousands. A man with from four hundred to eight hundred a year finds that, as his family increases, he cannot keep his place in society in London or Brighton or Cheltenham. He does not care to settle in the country, where a gentleman not a landowner is a very secondary person, and he is even less inclined to migrate into a cheap suburb of London or a small country town. He

is, in many cases, a retired officer, or a barrister, that is accustomed to work in some form, and he does not at first understand how completely life in a Continental town will shut him out from his old interests and from any possible form of activity. In some respects his change to Tours or Dresden or Florence is an extremely pleasant one. His income does a great deal more than it did; his wife is a little less troubled with housekeeping; his children find good teachers at low rates; and he himself has the English Club, at which he meets his countrymen and reads the papers. Gradually, however, he discovers that time hangs very heavy on his hands, and his family find out that an idle man is a household nuisance. In this dearth of some healthy excitement, there is tolerably certain to be a quarrel in the community about the Church principles of the chaplain, or the social pretensions or the morals of some of the colony. When the boys grow up and ought to be entering professions, they are at a disadvantage from their foreign training. They cannot compete on even terms with the English public school-boy for scholarships or for Civil Service appointments. They are not of the class which furnishes merchant's clerks, and their training as linguists serves them in little stead. At one time not a few of this class used to drift into foreign armies and especially into the Austrian service. Now even this door has been closed, and the chances are that they hang about for years, listless and demoralised, till an opening presents itself or till they make up their minds to emigrate. Their sisters are scarcely more fortunate. If they are entitled to a little property, they are marked by small fortune-hunters of the countries in which they live, and marry to change their faith, to lose their nationality, and to endure all the discomforts of settlement for life among aliens. Even if the average Continental husband be as good as the average Englishman, his relations and friends are never likely to be quite as

cordial to the foreign wife as her own countrymen would be.

Now the Australian colonies at this moment offer peculiar advantages to a man of small fortune. Where his capital is in his own hands, the ten thousand pounds that produce him four or five hundred a year would yield him from six to eight hundred on first mortgages at the Antipodes. Let us take, however, the more common case, where the English settler on the Continent is poor because his money is tied up, under settlements, in investments that only yield three or four per cent.; and let us assume that what he has at Florence or Dinan will be the limit of his Australian income. Even so, he may live in the country or in a country town in the colonies as cheaply as he could live in Germany or Italy. It often happens that a good country house can be bought or rented cheap, and if the settler prefers to buy, he will easily be able to get the larger part of the purchase-money from a building society, or to arrange with the vendor for leaving it on mortgage. If he wishes to farm, there will commonly be no difficulty in getting land. Of course, to make farming a success, except in very exceptional years, the farmer, especially if he grows wheat, must concentrate his whole energy and time upon his fields, and must live, in fact, like the working farmers around him. Without going this length, however, a man may add a good deal to his comfort and a little to his income by taking a few acres into his own hands and growing the hay he wants for his horses and cows, while, if he be a good judge of stock, he may pick up a good many bargains in time of drought. The occupation that this will provide for him, in a country where a man may work with his hands without being disgraced by it or seeming odd, will not be its least advantage. Beyond this, however, a new settler, being a citizen from the day he enters the country, and by assumption an educated man possessed of some leisure,

will find abundant work to his hands as soon as his neighbours get to know him. He may serve on a school-board, or in a shire or municipal council; or he may become a magistrate, or, if he makes himself increasingly useful and popular, a member of parliament. Neither, while he does all this, will he be shut out from society. Our country towns are, I think, better provided in this respect than average English towns of the same size. The local bankers, the police magistrate, and the local barristers or solicitors, the doctors, and the clergy, with a sprinkling of landowners in the neighbourhood, make up very much the same kind of social circles that used to be found in an English county town in the days when it was still possible to regard life out of London as endurable.

The children who come to Australia will run a risk of being a little less well educated than they would have been in France or Germany. The excellence of our primary schools has damaged the grammar-schools, except in such large towns as Melbourne and Sydney, and girls in a small country town cannot, of course, expect to find good music or drawing masters. Neither could a man with 400*l.*, or even 600*l.* a year afford to send his son to a first-class Melbourne grammar-school, or to give his daughters the advantage of the best teachers. What happens for the most part in country districts is that the children get the first part of their education at the costless and excellent state primary schools, after which the boys are roughly finished at the local grammar-school, and the girls, perhaps, by a governess. With the full knowledge that country boys now and again compete very successfully at the University examinations, and that here and there a country grammar-school is really good, I admit this to be the weak point in my case, and can only express my hope that it may soon cease to be so. New South Wales has already tried the experiment of found-

ing State High Schools, and Victoria will, no doubt, follow suit when the fierce opposition of the Catholic clergy to secular education shall have been abated or quelled. Meantime though the education the children get will be less liberal and showy than they would have received in Europe, it leads to something which can hardly be said of the other. In Victoria every Government appointment is now given by competitive examination, and this is getting to be the rule everywhere. Therefore the Australian school-boy has a fair chance that he will win one out of many hundred Government appointments, going up from 60*l.* a year to 1200*l.*, by seniority and merit. Let him fail in this, and the fact that he has passed a good examination will recommend him for work in a bank or a merchant's office. Assume that he has no capacity for brain work. Even so, he will find a good eye and a strong arm more useful to him in a new country than they would be in an old; and by the time his family has lived three or four years in their new home, will be much more likely to have secured friends and made an opening for himself, than if he was sent out from England with letters of introduction, and fifty, or, it may be, a few hundred pounds, in his pockets. As for the girls, their choice of marriage will certainly be no worse than it is in England, or on the Continent, and if nationality and a competence count for anything in domestic happiness, it will be an advantage that they marry their own countrymen, and that the struggle for life is not yet as severe in the colonies as at home. If they choose to remain single, they will have some rather good openings for work. Not a few highly educated young ladies prefer being state school teachers in the colonies to going out as governesses. They do it without any loss of caste, and can earn as much as 200*l.* a year for five hours work a day on five days in the week. Certain other state departments, such as the post-office and telegraph-office are open to

women; and the degrees of art, law, and medicine at Melbourne University are now conferred without distinction of sex.

It is the mothers of families on whom the discomforts of life on a small income in the colonies will press most heavily. They know best what the drawbacks of life on the Continent are. What they will suffer from in Australia in most cases will be a frequent change of servants, and an obligation to be able now and again to take part in household work themselves. The native-born Australian servants are, to my mind, the best I have known anywhere; intelligent, hardy, pleasant-mannered, and capable of going through any amount of work in an emergency. Three of them, as a rule, do the work of five in England, so that though wages are nominally high, servants really cost less to pay, and very much less to feed than at home. Unhappily their fault is that there are so few of them. Some of them only take service for a year, that they may learn household economy better than they could do at home. Others, and these, of course, are apt to be the most pleasant-mannered and best, get married at a moment's notice. In a country where places are so easily found, almost any servant will throw up her situation if she dislikes her fellow-servants. Therefore, the ladies of a family are now and again put to great shifts, and must either do some of the household work themselves, or take the first bad article that comes to hand in the shape of an importation from a London lodging-house, or a rough creature fresh from the traditions of Connemara. The best that can be said about this difficulty is that it is less formidable in the country districts than in the large towns. People who treat their servants considerately and kindly can generally get supplied with the best class of girls from the small farmers in their neighbourhood, who are quite willing that their daughters should go to service, but very wisely prefer to keep

them within easy distance of home. It may be well to add that the Australian servants are not infected with any American notions of equality, see no disgrace in blacking boots, and do not expect to sit down to dinner with their employers. Of course, when the facts that households are small and that servants do not remain long in their places are remembered, it will be understood that household work is not often carried out with as much finish as in England, and that the mistress often has to teach a good deal. The lady who is a chronic invalid, will do better perhaps by not setting up house in Australia.

There remains the question of amusement. Men with town tastes will certainly lose by coming to Australia. The average colonial town is incomparably better built, better drained, and better paved than the average Continental town of the same size; but everything about it is new and garish and prosaic, except that gardens are many and quickly formed. There are no old churches or frescoes or quaint bits of street over which the lover of art may linger; no collections of bric-à-brac in which the *virtuoso* may pick up imaginary treasures; the market-place is apt to be supremely matter-of-fact; and though holiday-makings and public gatherings are a little more frequent than in England, they do not make up for the church processions and military parades and swarming open-air life of an Italian town. Englishmen who migrate to the colonies must undoubtedly face the fact that they come to a land where art is really unknown, and where it would be much better for the popular taste if the art collections that exist had never been formed. Beyond the local club and a tolerably good lending library the settler will find nothing outside the society of his neighbourhood to occupy those idle hours which he does not care to spend out of doors. On the other hand he will be fairly well off as regards the amusements that Englishmen mostly affect.

Hunting has not been really naturalised, though there are packs of hounds here and there; but racing is so popular and universal, that it has become a nuisance; and a good shot can do a great deal, if he does not mind travelling from place to place. There are no game laws of the English type in Australia, but there is a close season enforced by law, and the land owner has the right to forbid trespass upon his land. Practically, it is very easy at present to get permission to shoot anywhere; and a sportsman who did not disdain hare or rabbit shooting would find himself cordially welcomed in many parts of the colonies, and might, if he chose, pay his expenses in rabbit-infested districts by selling the skins. It has not been found possible thus far to acclimatise the pheasant and partridge. The Chinese pheasant succeeded for some time in New Zealand, but is said now to be dying out again. However, the wild turkey so-called, in reality a bustard, is excellent sport and good eating; quails are numerous at times and in certain parts; and the water-fowl that swarm in many of the rivers and lakes are now protected in Victoria by a law forbidding the use of swivel guns. Even for fox-hunting there is a good substitute in many parts of the bush, where the kangaroo is still hunted on horseback and run down like the deer; not driven in mobs into inclosures for a wholesale massacre. Angling is of course almost unknown in the higher sense of the word; but as trout and salmon are being rapidly naturalised, there will soon be occupation for the fisherman, at least in Tasmania and Victoria.

Of athletic sports it seems almost needless to write. If, outside commercial circles, Australia is known in any way it is by the excellence of the elevens that have contested the championship of English cricket—not quite successfully—upon English ground. An attempt has been made to depreciate this success by a statement that cricket can be practised every day of

the year in Australia. This is not really the case. We have our cricket season and our foot-ball season like the mother-country. And there are many days, even in summer, when cricket is only pursued under difficulties, in a dust storm or with interruptions from rain. What is true is that our climate lends itself in a very remarkable degree to open-air exercise of every kind, and our young men have thrown themselves upon athleticism with even more than the English ardour. Besides foot-ball and cricket, there are bicycle clubs and lawn-tennis clubs, and for the more seriously-minded rifle clubs and volunteer regiments. As for boating, Sydney just now possesses the champion oar of the world, and the contest for boating honours between Sydney and Melbourne is apt to be a very close one. The young men of our communities are as well off in all these respects as their English cousins, and have no occasion to take refuge from *ennui* in dominoes or absinthe at a *café*.

There remains the question of climate. In a general way it is tolerably exact to say, that the climate of Victoria resembles that of the Riviera, that the climate of New South Wales in the best-peopled parts is like that of Central or Southern Italy, and that the climate of South Australia is that of Spain. No general description however will do justice to countries that even where the wild and unsettled parts are excluded are about as big as Europe west of Poland. In South Australia, for instance, the resemblance to Spain is completed in the north by the fact that there are large plateaus at a level of 2,000 feet above the sea, where the nights are very cold in winter and comparatively cool in summer. On the other hand Adelaide is found by most people oppressively hot in summer; and the southern parts of the colony about Mount Gambier and Naracoorte are in the opposite extreme, being cold and moist to the level of Devonshire. So again in Victoria, the climate of Gippsland is

almost English from its coolness, while the north-western plains lying north of the dividing range are at least as hot in summer as the country about Marseilles. In New South Wales there is a table-land known as New England, where the climate is temperate and where the specially English fruits, such as the gooseberry and the currant, are found to flourish. In Queensland the contrast between the elevated pastoral downs and the sugar-cane plantations on the coast represents the difference between a temperate and a tropical climate. Of all Australia, except of a few hill regions, which are, thus far, scarcely inhabited, it may be said that snow and ice are practically unknown; but the settler may choose for himself whether he will live under a sky not much warmer than that of Devonshire or Cornwall, or in a region as hot as Andalusia and Armenia.

I hope I have made it clear that the life to which I invite the class I am addressing, is not that of hardship in the bush—of pine shanties for houses, and damper and interminable mutton for food—but very much the sort of life that may be led in an English county, and with certain advantages for a person of small means which an English county does not possess. The colonies at this moment are, in fact, quite as advanced in all material civilisation as Yorkshire or Devonshire, and have a sense of manifest destiny which raises their politics above the level of county interests in the old country. Even twenty years ago the Australian legislatures were constantly debating questions of the highest interest—a suffrage system, a land system, or a judicature system, by the lights of Hare, Mill, and Austen—in a way that is scarcely possible in an old country with highly organised institutions and complicated interests. Now it seems as if we were being drawn suddenly into the vortex of European politics, and constrained to interest

ourselves in German plans of colonisation and Russian designs upon India. We are English by connection and interest; a fair portion of us are English by birth; and all are English in the best sense of an unbroken tradition of English breeding and association. Therefore it is, perhaps, allowable to suggest, that those who may elect to come amongst us for the future, should make up their minds to take us for what they find us, and should not assume over hastily that we are necessarily inferior to themselves, or at least to the English people at home. Mr. Lowell's admirable disquisition "upon a certain condescension in foreigners" has a wider application than to the United States; and though it is not a matter of great moment to Australians, whether the British tourist condemns or patronises them from the observation of six weeks in the leading clubs, half a dozen dinner parties, and two or three picnics in the bush, it may interfere a little with the happiness and success of intending colonists, if they carry a sense of magnificent superiority into their new homes.

Nevertheless, it will certainly be their own faults if they do not soon settle down into lives full of healthy activity. That, in fact, other conditions being fairly equal, is the great advantage Australia can offer. It holds out the offer of work and citizenship to men who are shut out from a discharge of the commonest civil duties while they live on the Continent. It offers partnership in a new world to their children. Surely for a few hundreds, at least, of those who are now living aimlessly out of England, it is worth while to consider whether the change to English communities—so highly favoured as the Australian and New Zealand—may not be profitable.

CHARLES H. PEARSON.

UNEXPLAINED.

"For facts are stubborn things."

SMOLLETT.

II.

"A GHOST," I repeated, holding the poor trembling little thing more closely. I think my first sensation was a sort of rage at whomever or whatever—ghost or living being—had frightened her so terribly. "Oh, Nora darling, it couldn't be a ghost. Tell me about it, and I will try to find out what it was. Or would you rather try to forget about it just now, and tell me afterwards? You are shivering so dreadfully. I *must* get you warm first of all."

"But let me tell you, mamma—I *must* tell you," she entreated piteously. "If you *could* explain it, I should be so glad, but I am afraid you can't," and again a shudder passed through her.

I saw it was better to let her tell it. I had by this time drawn her inside; a door in front stood open and a bright fire caught my eyes. It was the kitchen, and the most inviting-looking room in the house. I peeped in—there was no one there, but from an inner room we heard the voice of the landlady hushing her baby to sleep.

"Come to the fire, Nora," I said. Just then Reggie came clattering down stairs, followed by Lieschen, the taciturn "maid of the inn."

"She has taken a candle up stairs, mamma, but I've not taken off my boots, for there's a little calf, she says, in the stable, and she's going to show it me. May I go?"

"Yes, but don't stay long," I said, my opinion of the sombre Lieschen improving considerably, and when they were out of hearing, "Now, Nora dear, tell me what frightened you so."

"Mamma," she said, a little less white and shivering by now, but still with the strange strained look in her

eyes that I could not bear to see, "it *couldn't* have been a real man. Listen, mamma. When you and Reggie went, I got out a needle and thread—out of your little bag—and first I mended a hole in my glove, and then I took off one of my shoes—the buttoning up the side ones, you know—to sew a button on. I soon finished it, and then, without putting my shoe on, I sat there, looking out of the window and wondering if you and Reggie would soon be back. Then I thought perhaps I could see if you were coming better from the window of the place outside our room, where the hay and bags of flour are." (I think I forgot to say that to get to our room we had to cross at the top of the stair a sort of landing, along one side of which, as Nora said, great bags of flour or grain and trusses of hay were ranged; this place had a window with a somewhat more extended view than that of our room.) "I went there, still without my shoe, and I knelt in front of the window some time, looking up the rough path, and wishing you would come. But I was not the least dull or lonely. I was only a little tired. At last I got tired of watching there, and I thought I would come back to our room and look for something to do. The door was not closed, but I think I had half drawn it to, as I came out. I pushed it open and went in, and then—I seemed to feel there was something that had not been there before, and I looked up; and just beside the stove—the door opens *against* the stove, you know, and so it had hidden it for a moment as it were—there, mamma, *stood a man*. I saw him as plainly as I see you. He was staring at the stove, afterwards I saw it must have

been at your little blue paper parcel. He was a gentleman, mamma—quite young. I saw his coat, it was cut like George Norman's. I think he must have been an Englishman. His coat was dark, and bound with a little very narrow ribbon binding. I have seen coats like that. He had a dark blue necktie, his dress all looked neat and careful—like what all gentlemen are; I saw all that, mamma, before I clearly saw his face. He was tall and had fair hair—I saw that at once. But I was not frightened; just at first I did not even wonder how he *could* have got into the room—now I see he *couldn't* without my knowing. My first thought, it seems so silly," and Nora here smiled a little, "my first thought was 'Oh, he will see I have no shoe on,'"—which was very characteristic of the child, for Nora was a very "proper" little girl—"and just as I thought that, he seemed to know I was there. For he slowly turned his head from the stove and looked at me, and then I saw his face. Oh mamma!"

"Was there anything frightening about it?" I said.

"I don't know," the child went on. "It was not like any face I ever saw, and yet it does not *sound* strange. He had nice, rather wavy fair hair, and I think he must *have been* nice-looking. His eyes were blue, and he had a little fair moustache. But he was so *fearfully* pale, and a look over all that I can't describe. And his eyes when he looked at me *seemed not to see me*, and yet they turned on me. They looked dreadfully sad, and though they were so close to me, as if they were miles and miles away. Then his lips parted slightly, very slightly, as if he were going to speak. "Mamma," Nora went on impressively, "they would have spoken if I had said the least word—I felt they would. But just then—and remember, mamma, it couldn't have been yet two seconds since I came in, I hadn't yet had time to get frightened—just then there came over me the most awful feeling. I *knew* it was not a real man,

and I seemed to hear myself saying inside my mind, 'It is a ghost,' and while I seemed to be saying it—I had not moved my eyes—while I looked at him——"

"He disappeared?"

"No, mamma. He did not even disappear. He was just *no longer there*. I was staring at nothing! Then came a sort of wild fear. I turned and rushed down stairs, even without my shoe, and all the way the horrible feeling was that even though he was no longer there he might still be coming after me. I should not have cared if there had been twenty tipsy peasants down stairs! But I found Lieschen. Of course I said nothing to her; I only asked her to come up with a light to help me to find my shoe, and as soon as I had put it on I came outside, and ran up and down—it was a long time, I think—till you and Reggie came at last. Mamma, *can* you explain it?"

How I longed to be able to do so! But I would not deceive the child. Besides, it would have been useless.

"No, dear. As yet I cannot. But I will try to understand it. There are several ways it may be explained. Have you ever heard of optical delusions, Nora?"

"I am not sure. You must tell me;" and she looked at me so appealingly, and with such readiness to believe whatever I told her, that I felt I would give anything to restore her to her former happy fearlessness.

But just then Reggie came in from the stable.

"We must go up stairs," I said; "and Lieschen," turning to her, "bring up our supper at once. We are leaving very early to-morrow morning, and we will go early to bed."

"Oh, mamma," whispered Nora, "if only we had not to stay all night in that room!"

But there was no help for it, and she was thankful to hear of the success of our expedition to the post-office. During supper we, of course,

on Reggie's account, said nothing of Nora's fright, but as soon as it was over, Reggie declaring himself very sleepy, we got him undressed and put to bed on the settee originally intended for Nora. He was asleep in five minutes, and then Nora and I did our utmost to arrive at the explanation we so longed for. We thoroughly examined the room; there was no other entrance, no cupboard of any kind even. I tried to imagine that some of our travelling cloaks or shawls hanging on the back of a chair might, in the uncertain light, have taken imaginary proportions; that the stove itself might have cast a shadow we had not before observed; I suggested everything, but in vain. Nothing shook Nora's conviction that she had seen something *not* to be explained.

"For the light was *not* uncertain just then," she maintained; "the mist had gone and it had not begun to get dark. And then I saw him *so* plainly! If it had been a fancy ghost it wouldn't have looked like that—it would have had a long white thing floating over it, and a face like a skeleton perhaps. But to see somebody just like a regular gentleman—I could never have *fancied* that!"

There was a good deal in what she said. I had to give up my suggestions, and I tried to give Nora some idea of what are called "optical delusions," though my own comprehension of the theory was of the vaguest. She listened but I don't think my words had much weight. And at last I told her I thought she had better go to bed and try to sleep. I saw she shrank from the idea, but it had to be.

"We can't sit up all night, I suppose," she said, "but I wish we could. I am so dreadfully afraid of waking in the night, and—and—*seeing him there again.*"

"Would you like to sleep in my bed—though it is so tiny, I could make room and put you inside?" I said.

Nora looked wistfully at the haven

of refuge, but her good sense and considerateness for me came to the front.

"No," she said, "neither of us would sleep, and you would be *so* tired to-morrow. I will get into my own bed, and I *will* try to sleep, mamma."

"And listen, Nora; if you are the least frightened in the night, or if you can't sleep, call out to me without hesitation. I am sure to wake often, and I will speak to you from time to time."

That was the longest night of my life! The first part was not the worst. By what I really thought a fortunate chance it was a club night of some kind at Silberbach—a musical club, of course; and all the musically-gifted peasants of the country side assembled in the sanded parlour of the Katze. The noise was something indescribable, for though there may have been some good voices among them, they were drowned in the din. But though it prevented us from sleeping, it also fairly drove away all ghostly alarms. By twelve o'clock or thereabouts the party seemed to disperse, and all grew still. Then came some hours I can never forget. There was faint moonlight by fits and starts, and I not only found it impossible to sleep, I found it impossible to keep my eyes shut. Some irresistible fascination seemed to force them open, and obliged me ever and anon to turn in the direction of the stove, from which, however, before going to bed, I had removed the blue paper parcel. And each time I did so I said to myself, "Am I going to see that figure standing there as Nora saw it? Shall I remain sane if I do? Shall I scream out? Will it look at me in turn with its sad unearthly eyes? Will it speak? If it moves across the room and comes near me, or if I see it going towards Nora, or leaning over my Reggie sleeping there in his innocence, misdoubting of no fateful presence near, what, oh! what *shall I do?*"

For in my heart of hearts, though I would not own it to Nora, I felt convinced that what she had seen was no living human being—whence it had come, or *why*, I could not tell. But in the quiet of the night I had thought of what the woman at the china factory had told us, of the young Englishman who had bought the other cup, who had promised to write, and never done so! What had become of him? "If," I said to myself, "if I had the slightest reason to doubt his being at this moment alive and well in his own country, as he pretty certainly is, I should really begin to think he had been robbed and murdered by our surly landlord, and that his spirit had appeared to us—the first compatriots who have passed this way since, most likely—to tell the story."

I really think I must have been a little light-headed some part of that night. My poor Nora, I am certain, never slept, but I can only hope her imagination was less wildly at work than mine. From time to time I spoke to her, and every time she was awake, for she always answered without hesitation.

"I am quite comfortable, dear mamma. And I don't think I am very frightened;" or else, "I have not slept much, but I have said my prayers a great many times and all the hymns I could remember. Don't mind about me, mamma, and do try to sleep."

I fell asleep at last, though not for long. When I woke it was bright morning—fresher and brighter, I felt, as I threw open the window, than the day before. With the greatest thankfulness that the night was over at last, as soon as I was dressed I began to put our little belongings together, and then turned to awake the children. Nora was sleeping quietly; it seemed a pity to arouse her, for it was not much past six, but I heard the people stirring about down stairs, and I had a feverish desire to get away; for though the daylight had dispersed much of the "eerie" impression of

Nora's fright, there was a feeling of uneasiness, almost of insecurity, left in my mind since recalling the incident of the young man who had visited the china factory. How did I know but that some harm had really come to him in this very place? There was certainly nothing about the landlord to inspire confidence. At best it was a strange and unpleasant coincidence. The evening before I had half thought of inquiring of the landlord or his wife, or even of Lieschen, if any English had ever before stayed at the Katze. If assured by them that we were the first, or at least the first "in their time," it would, I thought, help to assure Nora that the ghost had really been a delusion of some kind. But then again, supposing the people of the inn hesitated to reply—supposing the landlord to be really in any way guilty, and my inquiries were to rouse his suspicions, would I not be really risking dangerous enmity, besides strengthening the painful impression left on my own mind—and this corroboration of her own fear might be instinctively suspected by Nora, even if I told her nothing?

"No," I decided, "better leave it a mystery, in any case till we are safely away from here. For allowing that these people are perfectly innocent and harmless, their even telling me simply, like the woman at Gruenstein, that such a person *had* been here, that he had fallen ill, possibly died here—I would rather not know it. It is certainly not probable that it was so; they would have been pretty sure to gossip about any occurrence of the kind, taciturn though they are. The wife would have talked of it to me—she is more genial than the others," for I had had a little kindly chat with her the day before *à propos* of what every mother, of her class at least, is ready to talk about—the baby! A pretty baby too, though the last, she informed me with a sort of melancholy pride, of four she had "buried"—using the same expression in her rough German as a Lancashire factory

hand or an Irish peasant woman—one after the other. Certainly Silberbach was not a cheerful or cheering spot. "No, no," I made up my mind, "I would rather at present know nothing, even if there is anything to know. I can the more honestly endeavour to remove the impression left on Nora."

The little girl was so easily awakened that I was half inclined to doubt if she had not been "shamming" out of filial devotion. She looked ill still, but infinitely better than the night before, and she so eagerly agreed with me in my wish to leave the house as soon as possible that I felt sure it was the best thing to do. Reggie woke up rosy and beaming—evidently no ghosts had troubled *his* night's repose. There was something consoling and satisfactory in seeing him quite as happy and hearty as in his own English nursery. But though he had no uncanny reasons like us for disliking Silberbach he was quite as cordial in his readiness to leave it. We got hold of Lieschen and asked for our breakfast at once. As I had told the landlady the night before that we were leaving very early, our bill came up with the coffee. It was, I must say, moderate in the extreme—ten or twelve marks, if I remember rightly, for two nights' lodging and *almost* two days' board for three people. And such as it was, they had given us of their best. I felt a little twinge of conscience, when I said good-bye to the poor woman, for having harboured any doubts of the establishment. But when the gruff landlord, standing outside the door, smoking of course, nodded a surly "*adieu*" in return to our parting greeting, my feeling of unutterable thankfulness that we were not to spend another night under his roof recovered the ascendant.

"Perhaps he is offended at my not having told him how I mean to get away, notwithstanding his stupidity about it," I said to myself, as we passed him. But no, there was no look of vindictiveness, of malice, of even annoyance, on his dark face.

Nay more, I could almost have fancied there was the shadow of a smile as Reggie tugged at his Tam o' Shanter by way of a final salute. That landlord was really one of the most incomprehensible human beings it has ever been my fate to come across in fact or fiction.

We had retained Lieschen to carry our modest baggage to the post-house, and having deposited it at the side of the road just where the coach stopped, she took her leave, apparently more than satisfied with the small sum of money I gave her, and civilly wishing us a pleasant journey. But though less gruff she was quite as impassive as the landlord. She never asked where we were going, if we were likely ever to return again, and like her master, as I said, had we been staying there still, I do not believe she would ever have made an inquiry or expressed the slightest astonishment.

"There is really something very queer about Silberbach," I could not help saying to Nora, "both about the place and the people. They almost give one the feeling that they are half-witted, and yet they evidently are not. This last day or two I seem to have been living in a sort of dream, or nightmare, and I shall not get over it altogether till we are fairly out of the place," and though she said little, I felt sure the child understood me.

We were of course far, far too early for the post. The old man came out of his house and seemed amused at our haste to be gone.

"I am afraid Silberbach has not taken your fancy," he said. "Well, no wonder. I think it is the dreariest place I ever saw."

"Then you do not belong to it? Have you not been here long?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Only a few months, and I hope to get removed soon," he said. *So he* could have told me nothing, evidently! "It is too lonely here. There is not a creature in the place who ever touches a book—they are all as dull

and stupid as they can be. But then they are very poor, and they live on here from year's end to year's end, barely able to earn their daily bread. Poverty degrades—there is no doubt of it, whatever the wise men may say. A few generations of it makes men little better than—" he stopped.

"Than?" I asked.

"Than," the old philosopher of the post-house went on, "pardon the expression—than pigs."

There were two or three of the fraternity grubbing about at the side of the road; they may have suggested the comparison. I could hardly help smiling.

"But I have travelled a good deal in Germany," I said, "and I have never anywhere found the people so stupid and stolid and ungenial as here."

"Perhaps not," he said. "Still there are many places like this, only naturally they are not the places strangers visit. It is never so bad where there are a few country houses near, for nowadays it must be allowed it is seldom but that the gentry take some interest in the people."

"It is a pity no rich man takes a fancy to Silberbach," I said.

"That day will never come. The best thing would be for a railway to be cut through the place, but that too is not likely."

Then the old postmaster turned into his garden, inviting us civilly to wait there or in the office if we preferred. But we liked better to stay outside, for just above the post-house there was a rather tempting little wood, much prettier than anything to be seen on the other side of the village. And Nora and I sat there quietly on the stumps of some old trees, while Reggie found a pleasing distraction in alternately chasing and making friends with a party of ducks, which for reasons best known to themselves had deserted their native element and come for a stroll in the woods.

From where we sat we looked down on our late habitation; we could almost distinguish the landlord's

slouching figure and poor Lieschen with a pail of water slung at each side as she came in from the well.

"What a life!" I could not help saying. "Day after day nothing but work. I suppose it is not to be wondered at if they grow dull and stolid, poor things." Then my thoughts reverted to what up here in the sunshine and the fresh morning air and with the pleasant excitement of going away I had a little forgotten—the strange experience of the evening before. It was difficult for me now to realise that I had been so affected by it. I felt *now* as if I wished I could see the poor ghost for myself, and learn if there was aught we could do to serve or satisfy him! For in the old orthodox ghost-stories there is always some reason for these eerie wanderers returning to the world they have left. But when I turned to Nora and saw her dear little face still white and drawn, and with an expression half subdued, half startled, that it had never worn before, I felt thankful that the unbidden visitor had attempted no communication.

"It might have sent her out of her mind," I thought. "Why, if he had anything to say, did he appear to her, poor child, and not to me?—though after all I am not at all sure that I should not go out of my mind in such a case."

Before long the post-horn made itself heard in the distance; we hurried down, our hearts beating with the fear of possible disappointment. It was all right, however, there were *no* passengers, and nodding adieu to our old friend we joyfully mounted into our places, and were bowled away to Seeberg.

There and at other spots in its pretty neighbourhood we spent pleasantly enough two or three weeks. Nora by degrees recovered her roses and her good spirits. Still, her strange experience left its mark on her. She was never again quite the merry, thoughtless, utterly fearless child she had been. I tried, however, to take

the good with the ill, remembering that thorough-going childhood cannot last for ever, that the shock possibly helped to soften and modify a nature that might have been too daring for perfect womanliness—still more, wanting perhaps in tenderness and sympathy for the weaknesses and tremors of feebler temperaments.

At Kronberg, on our return, we found that Herr von Walden was off on a tour to the Italian lakes, Lutz and young Trachenfels had returned to their studies at Heidelberg, George Norman had gone home to England. All the members of our little party were dispersed, except Frau von Walden.

To her and to Ottilia I told the story, sitting together one afternoon over our coffee, when Nora was not with us. It impressed them both. Ottilia could not resist an "I told you so."

"I knew, I felt," she said, "that something disagreeable would happen to you there. I never will forget," she went on naively, "the dreary, dismal impression the place left on me the only time I was there—pouring rain and universal gloom and discomfort. We had to wait there a few hours to get one of the horses shod, once when I was driving with my father from Seeberg to Marsfeldt."

Frau von Walden and I could not help smiling at her. Still there was no smiling at my story, though both agreed that, viewed in the light of unexaggerated common sense, it was most improbable that there was any tragedy mixed up with the disappearance of the young man we had heard of at Gruenstein.

"And indeed why we should speak of his 'disappearance' I don't know," said Frau von Walden. "He did not write to send the order he had spoken of—that was all. No doubt he is very happy at his own home. When you are back in England, my dear, you must try to find him out—perhaps by means of the cup. And then when Nora sees him, and finds he is not at

all like the 'ghost,' it will make her the more ready to think it was really only some *very strange*, I must admit, kind of optical delusion."

"But Nora has never heard the Gruenstein story, and is not to hear it," said Ottilia.

"And England is a wide place, small as it is in one sense," I said.

"Still, if I *did* come across the young man, I half think I would tell Nora the whole, and by showing her how *my* imagination had dressed it up, I think I could perhaps lessen the effect on her of what she thought she saw. It would prove to her better than anything the tricks that fancy may play us."

"And, in the meantime, if you take my advice, you will allude to it as little as possible," said practical Ottilia. "Don't *seem* to avoid the subject, but manage to do so in reality."

"Shall you order the tea-service?" asked Frau von Walden.

"I hardly think so. I am out of conceit of it somehow," I said. "And it might remind Nora of the blue paper parcel. I think I shall give the cup and saucer to my sister."

And on my return to England I did so.

Two years later. A very different scene from quaint old Kronberg, or still more from the dreary "Katze" at Silberbach. We are in England now, though not at our own home. We are staying, my children and I—two older girls than little Nora, and Nora herself, though hardly now to be described as "little"—with my sister. Reggie is there too, but naturally not much heard of, for it is the summer holidays, and the weather is delightful. It is August again—a typical August afternoon—though a trifle too hot perhaps for some people.

"This time two years ago, mamma," said Margaret, my eldest girl, "you were in Germany with Nora and Reggie. What a long summer that seemed! It is so much nicer to be all together."

"I should like to go to Kronberg and all those queer places," said Lily, the second girl; "especially to the place where Nora saw the ghost."

"I am quite sure you would not wish to *stay* there," I replied. "It is curious that you should speak of it just now. I was thinking of it this morning. It was just two years yesterday that it happened."

We were sitting at afternoon tea on the lawn outside the drawing-room window—my sister, her husband, Margaret, Lily, and I. Nora was with the school-room party inside.

"How queer!" said Lily.

"You don't think Nora has thought of it?" I asked.

"Oh, no—I am sure she hasn't," said Margaret. "I think it has grown vague to her now."

Just then a servant came out of the house, and said something to my brother-in-law. He got up at once.

"It is Mr. Grenfell," he said to his wife, "and a friend with him. Shall I bring them out here?"

"Yes, it would really be a pity to go into the house again—it is so nice out here," she replied. And her husband went to meet his guests.

He appeared again in a minute or two, stepping out through the low window of the drawing room, accompanied by the two gentlemen.

Mr. Grenfell was a young man living in the neighbourhood whom we had known from his boyhood; the stranger he introduced to us as Sir Robert Masters. He was a middle-aged man, with a quiet, gentle bearing and expression.

"You will have some tea?" said my sister, after the first few words of greeting had passed. Mr. Grenfell declined. His friend accepted.

"Go into the drawing-room, Lily, please, and ring for a cup and saucer," said her aunt, noting the deficiency. "There was an extra one, but some one has poured milk into the saucer. It surely can't have been you, Mark, for Tiny?" she went on, turning to her husband. "You *shouldn't* let a

dog drink out of anything we drink out of ourselves."

My brother-in-law looked rather comically penitent; he did not attempt to deny the charge.

"Only, my dear, you must allow," he pleaded, "that we do not drink our tea out of the *saucers*."

On what trifling links hang sometimes important results! Had it not been for Mark's transgressing in the matter of Tiny's milk we should never have learnt the circumstances which give to this simple relation of facts—valueless in itself—such interest, speculative and suggestive only, I am aware, as it may be found to possess.

Lily, in the meantime, had disappeared. But more quickly than it would have taken her to ring the bell, and await the servant's response to the summons, she was back again, carrying something carefully in her hand.

"Aunt," she said, "is it not a good idea? As you have a tea-spoon—I don't suppose Tiny used the spoon, did he?—I thought, instead of ringing for another, I would bring out the ghost-cup for Sir Robert. It is only fair to use it for once, poor thing, and just as we have been speaking about it. Oh, I assure you it is not dusty," as my sister regarded it dubiously. "It was inside the cabinet."

"Still, all the same, a little hot water will do it no harm," said her aunt—"provided, that is to say, that Sir Robert has no objection to drink out of a cup with such a name attached to it?"

"On the contrary," replied he, "I shall think it an honour. But you will, I trust, explain the meaning of the name to me? It puzzles me more than if it were a piece of ancient china—a great-great-grandmother's cup, for instance. For I see it is not old, though it is very pretty, and, I suppose, uncommon?"

There was a slight tone of hesitation about the last word which struck me.

"I have no doubt my sister will be

ready to tell you all there is to tell. It was she who gave me the cup," replied the lady of the house.

Then Sir Robert turned to me. Looking at him full in the face I saw that there was a thoughtful, far-seeing look in his eyes, which redeemed his whole appearance from the somewhat commonplace gentlemanlikeness which was all I had before observed about him.

"I am greatly interested in these subjects," he said. "It would be very kind of you to tell me the whole."

I did so, more rapidly and succinctly of course than I have done here. It is not easy to play the part of narrator, with five or six pairs of eyes fixed upon you, more especially when the owners of several of them have heard the story a good many times before, and are quick to observe the slightest discrepancy, however unintentional. "There is, you see, very little to tell," I said in conclusion, "only there is always a certain amount of impressiveness about any experience of the kind when related at first hand."

"Undoubtedly so," Sir Robert replied. "Thank you very much indeed for telling it me."

He spoke with perfect courtesy, but with a slight absence of manner, his eyes fixed rather dreamily on the cup in his hand. He seemed as if trying to recall or recollect something.

"There should be a sequel to that story," said Mr. Grenfell.

"That's what I say," said Margaret, eagerly. "It will be too stupid if we never hear any more. But that is always the way with modern ghost stories—there is no sense or meaning in them. The ghosts appear to people who never knew them, who take no interest in them, as it were, and then they have nothing to say—there is no *dénouement*, it is all purposeless."

Sir Robert looked at her thoughtfully.

"There is a good deal in what you say," he replied. "But I think there is a good deal also to be deduced from the very fact you speak of, for it is a fact.

I believe what you call the meaninglessness and purposelessness—the arbitrariness, one may say, of modern experiences of the kind are the surest proofs of their authenticity. Long ago people mixed up fact and fiction, their imaginations ran riot and on some very slight foundation—often, no doubt genuine, though slight—they built up a very complete and thrilling 'ghost story.' Nowadays we consider and philosophise, we want to get to the root and reason of things, and we are more careful to beware of exaggeration. The result is that the only genuine ghosts are most unsatisfactory beings; they appear without purpose, and seem to be what, in fact, I believe they *almost* always are, irresponsible, purposeless will-o'-the-wisps. But from these I would separate the class of ghost stories the best attested and most impressive—those that have to do with the moment of death; any vision that appears just at or about that time has *generally* more meaning in it, I think you will find. Such ghosts appear for a reason, if no other than that of intense affection, which draws them near those from whom they are to be separated."

We listened attentively to this long explanation, though by no means fully understanding it.

"I have often heard," I said, "that the class of ghost stories you speak of are the only thoroughly authenticated ones, and I think one is naturally more inclined to believe in them than in any others. But I confess I do not in the least understand what you mean by speaking of *other* ghosts as 'will-o'-the-wisps.' You don't mean that though at the moment of death there is a real being—the soul, in fact, as distinct from the body, in which all but materialists believe—that this has no permanent existence, but melts away by degrees till it becomes an irresponsible, purposeless *nothing*—a will-o'-the-wisp in fact? I think I heard of some theory of the kind lately in a French book, but it shocked and repelled me so that I tried to forget it.

Just as well, *better*, believe that we are nothing but our bodies, and that all is over when we die. Surely you don't mean what I say?"

"God forbid," said Sir Robert, with a fervency which startled while it reassured me. "It is my profound belief that not only we are something more than our bodies, but that our bodies are the merest outer dress of our real selves. It is also my profound belief that at death we—the real we—either enter at once into a state of rest temporarily, or, in some cases—for I do not believe in any cut-and-dry rule independently of *individual* considerations—are privileged at once to enter upon a sphere of nobler and purer labour," and here the speaker's eyes glowed with a light that was not of this world. "Is it then the least probable, is it not altogether discordant with our 'common sense,'—a Divine gift which we may employ fearlessly—to suppose that these real 'selves,' freed from the weight of their discarded garments, would leave either their blissful repose, or, still less, their new activities, to come back to wander about, purposelessly and aimlessly in this world, at best only perplexing and alarming such as may perceive them? Is it not contrary to all we find of the wisdom and *reasonableness* of such laws as we *do* know something about?"

"I have often thought so," I said, "and hitherto this has led me to be very sceptical about all ghost stories."

"But they are often true—so far as they go," he replied. "Our natures are much more complex than we ourselves understand or realise. I cannot now go at all thoroughly into the subject, but to give you a rough idea of my will-o'-the-wisp theory—can you not imagine a sort of shadow, or echo of ourselves lingering about the scenes we have frequented on this earth, which under certain very rare conditions—the state of the atmosphere among others—may be perceptible to those still 'clothed upon' with this present body? To attempt a simile, I

might suggest the perfume that lingers when the flowers are thrown away, the smoke that gradually dissolves after the lamp is extinguished? This is, very, very loosely and roughly, the sort of thing I mean by my 'will-o'-the-wisps.'"

"I don't like it at all," said Margaret, though she smiled a little. "I think I should be more frightened if I saw that kind of ghost—I mean if I thought it that kind—than by a good honest old-fashioned one, who knew what it was about and meant to come."

"But you have just said," he objected, "that they never do seem to know what they are about. Besides, why should you be frightened?—our fears, ourselves in fact—are the only thing we really need be frightened of—our weaknesses and ignorances and folly. There was great truth in that rather ghastly story of Calderra's, allegory though it is, about the man whose evil genius was himself; have you read it?"

We all shook our heads.

"It is ignorance that frightens us," he said. Just then his eyes fell on the table. "I cannot get over the impression that I have seen that cup—no, not that cup, but one just like it—before. Not long ago, I fancy," he said.

"Oh, you must let us know if you find out anything," we all exclaimed.

"I certainly shall do so," he said, and a few minutes afterwards he and Mr. Grenfell took their leave.

I have never seen Sir Robert again. Still I have by no means arrived yet at the end of my so-called ghost story.

The cup and saucer were carefully washed and replaced in the glass-doored cabinet. The summer gradually waned and we all returned to our own home. It was at a considerable distance from my sister's, and we met each other principally in the summertime. So, though I did not forget Sir Robert Masters, or his somewhat strange conversation, amid the crowd of daily interests and pleasures, duties and cares, none of the incidents I

have here recorded were much in my mind, and but that I had while still in Germany carefully noted the details of all bearing directly or indirectly on "Nora's ghost," as we had come to call it—though it was but rarely alluded to before the child herself—I should not now have been able to give them with circumstantiality.

Fully fifteen months after the visit to my sister, during which we had met Sir Robert, the whole was suddenly and unexpectedly recalled to my memory. Mark and Nora the elder, my sister, that is, were in their turn staying with us, when one morning at breakfast the post brought for the latter an unusually bulky and important-looking letter. She opened it, glanced at an outer sheet inclosing several pages in a different handwriting, and passed it on to me.

"We must read the rest together," she said in a low voice, glancing at the children who were at the table; "how interesting it will be!"

The sheet she had handed to me was a short note from Mr. Grenfell. It was dated from some place in Norway where he was fishing, and from whence he had addressed the whole packet to my sister's own home, not knowing of her absence.

"MY DEAR MRS. DAVENTRY,—" it began—"The inclosed will have been a long time of reaching its real destination, for it is, as you will see, really intended for your sister. No doubt it will interest you too, as it has done me, though I am too matter-of-fact and prosaic to enter into such things much. Still it is curious. Please keep the letter, I am sure my friend intends you to do so.

"Yours very truly,

"RALPH GRENFELL."

The manuscript inclosed was of course from Sir Robert himself. It was in the form of a letter to young Grenfell, and after explaining that he thought it better to write to him, not having my address, he plunged into the real object of his communication.

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"You will not," he said, "have forgotten the incident of the 'ghost-cup' in the summer of last year, and the curious story your friend was so good as to tell us about it. You may remember—Mrs. — will, I am sure, do so—my strong impression that I had recently seen one like it. After I left you I could not get this feeling out of my head. It is always irritating not to be able, figuratively speaking, 'to lay your hand,' on a recollection, and in this instance I really wanted to get the clue, as it might lead to some sort of 'explanation' of the little girl's strange experience. I cudgelled my brains, but all to no purpose; I went over in memory all the houses at which I had visited within a certain space of time; I made lists of all the people I knew interested in 'china,' ancient or modern, and likely to possess specimens of it. But all in vain. All I got for my pains was that people began to think I was developing a new crotchet, or, as I heard one lady say to another, not knowing I was within earshot, 'the poor man must be a little off his head, though till now I have always denied it. But the revulsion from benevolent schemes to china-collecting shows it only too plainly.' So I thought I had better leave off cross-questioning my 'collecting' friends about porcelain and faience, German ware in particular. And after a while I thought no more about it. Two months ago I had occasion to make a journey to the north—the same journey and to stay at the same house where I have been four or five times since I saw the 'ghost-cup.' But this was what happened *this* time. There is a junction by which one must pass on this journey. I generally manage to suit my trains so as to avoid waiting there, but this is not always feasible. This time I found that an hour at the junction was inevitable. There is a very good refreshment room there, kept by very civil, decent people. They knew me by sight, and after I had had a cup of tea they proposed to

me, as they have done before, to wait in their little parlour just off the public room. 'It would be quieter and more comfortable,' said either the mother or the daughter who manage the concern. I thanked them, and settled myself in an arm-chair with my book, when, looking up—there on the mantelpiece stood the fellow cup—the identical shape, pattern, and colour! It all flashed into my mind then. I had made this journey just before going into your neighbourhood last year, and had waited in this little parlour just as this time.

"Where did you get that cup, Mrs. Smith?" I asked.

"There were two or three rather pretty bits of china about. The good woman was pleased at my noticing it.

"Yes, sir. Isn't it pretty? I've rather a fancy for china. That cup was sent me by my niece. She said she'd picked it up somewhere—at a sale I think. It's foreign, sir, isn't it?"

"Yes, German. But can't you find out *where* your niece got it,' for at the word "sale" my hopes fell.

"I can ask her. I shall be writing to her this week," she replied; and she promised to get any information she could for me within a fortnight, by which time I expected to pass that way again. I did so, and Mrs. Smith proved as good as her word. The niece had got the cup from a friend of hers, an auctioneer, and he, not she, had got it at a sale. But he was away from home—she could hear nothing more at present. She gave his address, however, and assurances that he was very good-natured and would gladly put the gentleman in the way of getting china like it, if it was to be got. He would be home by the middle of the month. It was now the middle of the month. The auctioneer's town was not above a couple of hours off my line. Perhaps you will all laugh at me when I tell you that I went those two hours out of my way, arriving at the town late that night and putting up at a queer old inn—

worth going to see for itself—on purpose to find the man of the hammer. I found him. He was very civil, though rather mystified. He remembered the cup perfectly, but there was no chance of getting any like it where it came from!

"And where was that?" I asked eagerly.

"At a sale some miles from here, about four years ago," he replied. 'It was the sale of the furniture and plate, and everything, in fact, of a widow lady. She had some pretty china, for she had a fancy for it. That cup was not of much value; it was quite modern. I bought it in for a trifle. I gave it to Miss Cross, and she sent it to her aunt, as you know. As for getting any like it—'

'But I interrupted him by assuring him I did not wish that, but that I had reasons for wanting some information about the person who, I believed, had bought the cup. 'Nothing to do any harm to any one,' I said; 'a matter of feeling.' A similar cup had been bought by a person I was interested in, and I feared that person was dead.'

"The auctioneer's face cleared. He fancied he began to understand me.

"I am afraid you are right, sir, if the person you mean was young Mr. Paulet, the lady's son. You may have met him on his travels? His death was very sad, I believe. It killed his mother, they say—she never looked up after, and as she had no near relative to follow her, everything was sold. I remember I was told all that at the sale, and it seemed to me particularly sad, even though one comes across many sad things in our line of business.'

"Do you remember the particulars of Mr. Paulet's death?" I asked.

"Only that it happened suddenly—somewhere in foreign parts. I did not know the family, till I was asked to take charge of the sale," he replied.

"Could you possibly get any details for me? I feel sure it is the same Mr. Paulet," I said boldly.

"The auctioneer considered.

"Perhaps I can. I rather think a former servant of theirs is still in the neighbourhood," he replied.

"I thanked him and left him my address, to which he promised to write. I felt it was perhaps better not to pursue my inquiries further in person; it might lead to annoyance, or possibly to gossip about the dead, which I detest. I jotted down some particulars for the auctioneer's guidance, and went on my way. That was a fortnight ago. To-day I have his answer, which I transcribe:—

"SIR,—The servant I spoke of could not tell me very much, as she was not long in the late Mr. Paulet's service. To hear more, she says, you must apply to the relations of the family. Young Mr. Paulet was tall and fair and very nice-looking. His mother and he were deeply attached to each other. He travelled a good deal and used to bring her home lots of pretty things. He met his death in some part of Germany where there are forests, for though it was thought at first he had died of heart disease, the doctors proved he had been struck by lightning, and his body was found in the forest, and the papers on him showed who he was. The body was sent home to be buried, and all that was found with it; a knapsack and its contents, among which was the cup I bought at the sale. His death was about the middle of August 18—. I shall be glad if this information is of any service."

"This," continued Sir Robert's own letter, "is all I have been able to learn. There does not seem to have been the very slightest suspicion of foul play, nor do I think it the least likely there was any ground for such. Young Paulet probably died some way

further in the forest than Silberbach, and it is even possible the surly landlord never heard of it. It *might* be worth while to inquire about it should your friends ever be there again. If I should be in the neighbourhood I certainly should do so; the whole coincidences are very striking."

Then followed apologies for the length of his letter which he had been betrayed into by his anxiety to tell all there was to tell. In return he asked Mr. Grenfell to obtain from me certain dates and particulars as he wished to note them down. It was the 18th of August on which "Nora's ghost" had appeared—just two years after the August of the poor young man's death!

There was also a postscript to Sir Robert's letter, in which he said, "I think, in Mrs. —'s place I would say nothing to the little girl of what we have discovered."

And I have never done so.

This is all I have to tell. I offer no suggestions, no theories in explanation of the facts. Those who, like Sir Robert Masters, are able and desirous to treat such subjects scientifically or philosophically will doubtless form their own. I cannot say that I find *his* theory a perfectly satisfactory one, perhaps I do not sufficiently understand it, but I have tried to give it in his own words. Should this matter-of-fact relation of a curious experience meet his eyes, I am sure he will forgive my having brought him into it. Besides, it is not likely that he would be recognised; men, and women too, of "peculiar ideas," sincere investigators and honest searchers after truth, as well as their superficial plagiarists, being by no means—to the credit of our age be it said—rare in these days.

LOUISA MOLESWORTH.

(Conclusion.)

"MARIUS' THE EPICUREAN."¹

THIS is a book which has long been expected with interest by a certain circle of readers. The *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, which Mr. Pater published twelve years ago, made a distinct mark in modern literary history. They excited as much antipathy as admiration, perhaps; they were the object of many denunciations, and, like some heretical treatise of the second or third century, received definite episcopal reprimand; but at the same time they rose well above the crowd of books, and produced the effect which rightly belongs to all the heartfelt individual utterance of literature. The utterance might be distasteful, but it represented an intellectual mood by no means within everybody's reach, a mood which was the result of high culture working on a sensitive and plastic nature, and of which the expression had the force as well as some of the narrowness of passion. The object of the book was to reproduce, as vividly as possible, certain "special unique impressions of pleasure," made on an individual mind by various beautiful things in art and literature, to "disengage the virtue of a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book," so as to pass on the experience of the author to the reader intact, and as it were still warm with feeling and emotion. Such was the programme laid down in the preface to the *Studies*, while at the close of the book its general principles found still more bold and eloquent expression in sentences which were much quoted, and scandalised many to whom the rest of the book remained altogether unknown. "The service of philosophy," said Mr. Pater, "and of religion and culture, to the human spirit, is to startle it into a

sharp and eager observation—not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a varied dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest sense? We are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: '*Les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis.*' We have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our one chance is in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time."

Here was the characteristic note of the book. Mr. Pater, indeed, was careful to explain that among "high passions" he reckoned all the great motives, political, religious, or scientific, of mankind, and that what he asked was simply that life under whatever banner should be lived strenuously and not listlessly, with ardour and not with apathy. Still it was felt that the foundation of it all was in the true sense epicurean. "Do good and be good," he seemed to say; "learn and know, for one end only—the end of a rich experience. All other systems are delusive; this only justifies itself perpetually. Choose and refine your experience; cultivate and enlarge your receptive faculties, and make life yield you its best. There is no other system of living which at once commends itself to the reason and satisfies the feeling."

Since this remarkable exposition of what he himself in his later book calls "a new Cyrenaicism," Mr. Pater has published a certain number of scattered essays, on Greek and English subjects, of which the latter at least have showed a steadily widening and developing power. The masterly essay

¹ *Marius the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas*, by Walter Pater, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. 2 vols.

on Wordsworth, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, some years after the *Studies*, must have taken some innocent Wordsworthians by surprise. The austere and yet tender feeling of the whole, the suggestiveness and pregnancy of treatment, the deep sympathy it showed for the peasant life and the peasant sorrows, and a sort of bracing mountain-breath in it, revealed new qualities in the man whose name in certain quarters had become unreasonably synonymous with a mere effeminate philosophy of pleasure. The two English studies which followed the Wordsworth, one on *Measure for Measure*, the other on Charles Lamb, though less intrinsically weighty, perhaps, had even higher artistic merit, while in the articles on the Demeter myth, Mr. Pater employed extraordinary resources of style with results which were not wholly adequate to the delicate labour spent upon them. Then came an attempt in a totally new direction—the curious story *The Child in the House*, of which a fragment appeared in *Macmillan* in the course of 1879. The author never finished it; nor is the fact to be seriously regretted. The disguise furnished by the story for the autobiographical matter, of which it was obviously composed, was not a particularly happy one; above all, it was not disguise enough. Some form of presentation more impersonal, more remote from actual life was needed, before the writer's thought could allow itself fair play. Such a form has now been found in the story of *Marius the Epicurean*.

The scene of *Marius* is laid in the second century, and the object of the book is to trace the development of a sensitive mind brought into contact with the various spiritual and intellectual forces which divided the Roman world under the Antonines. In the first place, the hero is brought up among the primitive beliefs and sentiments of Latin rural life; his childhood is deeply influenced by the pieties, the obligations, the venerable rites of

the old Roman religion, "the religion of Numa," as an antiquarian time, with a taste for archaic revivals, loved to fancy it. From this life, rich in survivals from a remote antiquity, Marius passes on to the study of rhetoric and philosophy at Pisa, study which ultimately results in his adoption of a delicate and refined form of Epicureanism. His pursuit of experience, of "exquisite sensations," is to be limited only by the best sort of worldly wisdom, and by the determination, inherent in the gentle nature of the man, "to add nothing, not so much as a passing sigh even, to the great total of men's unhappiness in his way through the world."

"Neque ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit
habenti."

From Pisa he goes to Rome, and is deeply influenced by the life and character of Marcus Aurelius, while his heart and brain are exercised by the different problems presented by the life and thought of Rome, its superstitions, its cruelties, its philosophies. Although he holds himself proudly aloof from the common superstitions of the time, Marius becomes gradually conscious of certain needs of feeling which his philosophy cannot satisfy, and from a shadowy contact with Theism he passes on to a shadowy contact with Christianity, presented to him under its sweetest and most attractive form. The fair spectacle of Christian love and unity impresses him deeply; he is invaded and conquered by the charm of Christian sentiment, and his imagination is touched by the mysterious largeness of the Christian promises. Still, to the end, apparently, he remains intellectually free, and the ambiguity of his death, in which, while not a Christian, he suffers with the Christians, fitly corresponds to the ambiguity of the life which has gone before it.

Those who know Mr. Pater's work will hardly need to be told with what delicacy and beauty he has worked

out the theme of *Marius*. The style has its drawbacks, but even in those passages of it which suffer most from a certain looseness and confusion of plan, elements of distinction and musical refinement are never wanting, while at its best the fascination of it is irresistible. There are some half-dozen scenes, which in their own way are unrivalled, where both thought and expression are elaborated with a sort of loving, lingering care, while yet the general impression is one of subdued and measured charm, of a fastidious self-control in the writer, leading to a singular gentleness and purity of presentation. Then to the beauty of style, which springs from his own highly-trained faculty, Mr. Pater has added all that classical culture could supply in the way of adorning and enrichment. The translations from the literature, both Greek and Latin, of the time, in which the book abounds, are in themselves evidence of brilliant literary capacity; the version of Cupid and Psyche especially is a masterpiece. And there is also added to the charm of style, and deftly handled learning, a tenderness of feeling, a tone of reverence for human affections, and pity for the tragedy of human weakness worthy of George Eliot; so that the book is rich in attractiveness for those who are content to take it simply as it is offered them, and to lose themselves in the feelings and speculations of the hero, without a too curious inquiry into the general meaning of it all, or into the relation of the motives and impressions described to the motives and impressions of the nineteenth century.

Most of those, however, who have already fallen under Mr. Pater's spell will certainly approach the book differently. They will see in it a wonderfully delicate and faithful reflection of the workings of a real mind, and that a mind of the nineteenth century, and not of the second. The indirect way in which the mental processes which are the subject of the book are

presented to us, is but one more illustration of an English characteristic. As a nation we are not fond of direct "confessions." All our autobiographical literature, compared to the French or German, has a touch of dryness and reserve. It is in books like *Sartor Resartus*, or *The Nemesis of Faith*, *Alton Locke*, or *Marius*, rather than in the avowed specimens of self-revelation which the time has produced, that the future student of the nineteenth century will have to look for what is deepest, most intimate, and most real in its personal experience. In the case of those natures whose spiritual experience is richest and most original, there is with us, coupled with the natural tendency to expression, a natural tendency to disguise. We want to describe for others the spiritual things which have delighted or admonished ourselves, but we shrink from a too great realism of method. English feeling, at its best and subtlest, has almost always something elusive in it, something which resents a spectator, and only moves at ease when it has succeeded in interposing some light screen or some obvious mask between it and the public.

No one can fail to catch the autobiographical note of *Marius* who will compare the present book with its predecessors. *Marius*, in fact, as a young man, starts in life on the principles expressed in the concluding pages of the *Studies*. While still a student at Pisa, he reads Heraclitus and Aristippus, and resigns himself to the teaching of these old Greek masters. From Heraclitus, or from his school, he learns the doctrine of the "subjectivity of knowledge," according to which "the momentary sensible apprehension of the individual is the only standard of what is or is not;" while from Aristippus he learns how to cultivate and refine sensation, and how to make the philosophy of pleasure minister to the most delicate needs of the spiritual and intellectual life.

"How reassuring, after assisting at so long a debate about rival *criteria* of truth, to fall back upon direct sensation, to limit one's aspiration after knowledge to that! In an age, still materially so brilliant, so expert in the artistic handling of material things as that of Marcus Aurelius, with sensible capacities still unjaded, with the whole world of classic art and poetry outspread before it, and where there was more than eye or ear could well take in—how natural the determination to rely exclusively upon the phenomena of the senses, which certainly never deceive us about themselves, about which alone we can never deceive ourselves! . . . not pleasure, but fulness, completeness of life generally, was the practical ideal to which this anti-metaphysical metaphysic really pointed. And towards such a full or complete life, a life of various yet select sensation, the most direct and effective auxiliary must be, in a word, Insight. Liberty of soul, freedom from all the partial and misrepresentative doctrine which does but relieve one element of our experience at the cost of another, freedom from all the embarrassment of regret for the past and calculation on the future; all that would be but preliminary to the real business of education—insight, insight through culture, into all that the present moment holds in trust for us, as we stand so briefly in its presence."

In this frame of mind Marius goes up to Rome, makes acquaintance with Marcus Aurelius, and is brought across the Stoical philosophy then engaged upon that great effort for the conquest of the Roman world, which was to be apparently defeated by the success of Christianity, and to find its ultimate fruition, as Renan points out, in the great system of Roman law, of which it influenced the development, and through which it has taken a partial possession of modern life. The effect of this contact with Stoicism on the flexible mind of Marius, is to lead to a certain modification of his main point of view;

and in the remarkable chapter called "Second Thoughts," Mr. Pater describes, in the person of Marius, what is evidently the main development of the mind which produced the *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*. In the first place there is an apology for the "philosophy of moments," an explanation of its naturalness, its inevitableness, so to speak, at the outset of certain intellectual careers. "We may note," says Marius's biographer, "as Marius could hardly have done, that that new Cyrenaicism of his is ever the characteristic philosophy of youth—one of those subjective and partial ideals, based on vivid, because limited, apprehension of the truth of one aspect of experience—in this case of the beauty of the world and the brevity of man's life in it—of which it may be said that it is the special vocation of the young to express them." Such a youthful fanaticism, "just because it seems to call on one to make the sacrifice, accompanied by a vivid sensation of power and will, of what others value—the sacrifice of some conviction, or doctrine, or supposed first principle—for the sake of that clear-eyed intellectual integrity or consistency, which is like spotless bodily cleanliness and nicety, or scrupulous personal honour,—has for the mind of the youthful student, when he first comes to appreciate it, itself the fascination of an ideal."

All sorts of incidents and influences tend in youth to develop the Cyrenaic theory. The changes of the seasons, "the new poem in every spring," "life in modern London even, in the heavy glory of summer," "the workshops of the artist" with all their suggestions of beauty and refinement—all these quicken the covetousness of the artistic temperament, its eagerness to seize "the highly-coloured moments which are to pass away so quickly," and the satisfaction of a natural passion becomes for a time a reasoned principle of action.

But after a while the glamour of youth dies away, and a man begins to

see that a system which has only the worship and pursuit of "exquisite moments" to recommend as a rule of life, leaves three-fourths of life 'untouched. Mankind has never been content to spend itself on a worship of "moments," or in a pursuit of fugitive impressions as such. Rather, with a tenacious and pathetic faith, it has sought for continuity, for what lasts and binds, and can be handed on from soul to soul. It has tried to fix and distil the essence of innumerable impressions in one great tradition—the ethical tradition—which is at once the product and the condition of human life. To live in the mere pursuit of sensations, however refined, is to live outside this tradition, so far as is possible, and therefore outside the broad main stream of human history. And more than this. As the stream is strong and tyrannous and fills a large bed, the wandering epicurean, bent on an unfettered quest of sensations, may well find himself brought into hostile and disastrous contact with it, and may recognise, when too late, his own puniness, and the strength and masterfulness of the great currents and tendencies of things. The individual bent on claiming "an entire personal liberty of heart and mind—liberty above all from conventional answers to first questions," finds all round him "a venerable system of sentiment and ideas, widely extended in time and place, actually in a kind of impregnable possession of human life," and discovers that by isolating himself from it, he is cutting himself off from a great wealth of human experience, from a great possible increase of intellectual "colour, variety, and relief," which might be gained by attaching himself to it.

Mr. Pater, it will be observed, still speaks of morals as it were in terms of aesthetics. His hero advances, or partially advances, from the æsthetic to the ethical standpoint, not because of any "conventional first principles" on which morals may depend for their sanction, but because of the enriched

experience, the "quickened sympathies" which are to be gained from the advance. Practically, the same motive power is at work in the second stage as in the first. But as the sphere of its operation enlarges, it tends to coalesce and join hands with other powers, starting from very different bases. The worship of beauty, carried far enough, tends to transform itself into a passion moral in essence and in aim. "For the variety of men's possible reflections on their experience, as of that experience itself, is not really as great as it seems. All the highest spirits, from whatever contrasted points they may have started, will yet be found to entertain in their moral consciousness, as actually realised, much the same kind of company."

One feels as though one were reading another *Palace of Art* with a difference! Here, in Mr. Pater's system, the soul ceases to live solitary in the midst of a dainty world of its own choice, not because it is overtaken by any crushing conviction of sin and ruin in so doing, but because it learns to recognise that such a worship of beauty defeats its own ends, that by opening the windows of its palace to the outside light and air, and placing the life within under the common human law, it really increases its own chances of beautiful impressions, of "exquisite moments." To put it in the language of the present book, "Marius saw that he would be but an inconsistent Cyrenaic—mistaken in his estimate of values, of loss and gain, and untrue to the well-considered economy of life which he had brought to Rome with him—that some drops of the great cup would fall to the ground"—if he did not make the concession of a "voluntary curtailment of liberty" to the ancient and wonderful order actually in possession of the world, if he did not purchase by a willing self-control, participation in that rich store of crystallised feeling represented by the world's moral beliefs.

Still, although the fundamental argument is really the same as that on which Mr. Pater based a general view

of life twelve years ago, the practical advance in position shown by the present book is considerable. "That theory, or idea, or system," said the writer of the *Studies*, in 1873, "which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of experience in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract morality we have not identified with ourselves, or what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us." Now the legitimacy and necessity of some such sacrifice is admitted; for evidently the one mental process, in spite of the indirectness of its presentation, is but a continuation of the other. *Marius* carries on the train of reflection begun by the *Studies*, and the upshot of the whole so far is a utilitarian or Epicurean theory of morals. For, stripped of its poetical dress, the ethical argument of *Marius* is essentially utilitarian. After protesting against the entailment of experience in favour of "some abstract morality we have not identified with ourselves," Mr. Pater now presents obedience to this same morality as desirable, not because of any absolute virtue or authority inherent in it, but because practically obedience is a source of pleasure and quickened faculty to the individual.

There is nothing new, of course, in such an argument, though Mr. Pater's presentation of it is full of individuality and fresh suggestions. But what makes the great psychological interest of the book, while it constitutes what seems to us its principal intellectual weakness, is the further application of this Epicurean principle of an æsthetic loss and gain not only to morals, but to religion. We have described the way in which Mr. Pater handles the claim of the moral system of the civilised world upon a mind in search of beauty. His treatment of the claim of religion on a similar order of mind is precisely the same in tone and general plan. Just as adhesion to the accepted moral order enriches and beautifies the experience of the individual, and so gives a

greater savour and attractiveness to life, so acquiescence in the religious order, which a man finds about him, opens for him opportunities of feeling and sensation which would otherwise be denied him, provides him with a fresh series of "exquisite moments," and brings him generally within the range of an influence soothing and refining, by virtue partly of its venerableness, its source in an immemorial past, partly of the wealth of beautiful human experience which has gone, age after age, to the strengthening of it. From the contention in the chapter, "Second Thoughts," that Cyrenaicism disobeyed its own principles, and neglected means of spiritual and intellectual joy which it might have utilised, by its contempt for all the established forms of ancient religion;—from the expressions used in reference to Marius's first contact with Christianity, when the new faith appealed, "according to the unchangeable law of his character, to the eye, the visual faculty of mind;—" from the constant dwelling on the blitheness, and brightness, and sweetness of Christian feeling, on the poetry of Christian rites, and on the way in which the pathos of the Christian story seemed to make all this visible mortality, death itself, more beautiful than any fantastic dream of old mythology had ever hoped to make it;—and lastly, from the persistent intellectual detachment of Marius, a detachment maintained apparently through a long subsequent experience of Christianity, and which makes him realise when he is compromised with the government, that for him martyrdom—to the Christian, "the overpowering act of testimony that Heaven had come down among men,"—would be but a common execution; from all these different indications, and from the melancholy beauty of the death-scene, we gather a theory of religious philosophy, which is much commoner among us than most of us think, but which has never been expressed so fully or so attractively as in the story of *Marius*.

"Submit," it seems to say, "to the religious order about you, accept the common beliefs, or at least behave as if you accepted them, and live habitually in the atmosphere of feeling and sensation which they have engendered and still engender; surrender your feeling, while still maintaining the intellectual citadel intact; pray, weep, dream with the majority while you think with the elect; only so will you obtain from life all it has to give, its most delicate flavour, its subtlest aroma."

Such an appeal has an extraordinary force with a certain order of minds. Probably as time goes we shall see a larger and larger response to it on the part of modern society. But with another order of minds in whom the religious need is not less strong, it has not, and never will have, any chance of success, for they regard it as involving the betrayal of a worship dearer to them than the worship of beauty or consolation, and the surrender of something more precious to them than any of those delicate emotional joys, which feeling, divorced from truth, from the sense of reality, has to offer. All existing religions have issued from the sense of reality, from a perception of some truth; certain facts or supposed facts of sense or spirit have lain at the root of them. It is surely a degradation of all religion to say to its advocates, "Your facts are no facts; our sense of reality is opposed to them; but for the sake of the beauty, the charm, the consolation to be got out of the intricate practical system you have built upon this chimerical basis, we are ready to give up to you all we can—our sympathy, our silence, our ready co-operation in all your lovely and soothing rites and practices, hoping thereby to cheat life of some of its pain, and to brighten some of its darkness with dreams fairer even than those which Æsculapius inspired in his votaries."

It is useful and salutary to compare with such a temper as this, a temper like Clough's—that mood of heroic sub-

mission to the limitations of life and mind which inspired all his verse, that determination of his to seek no personal ease or relief at the expense of truth, and to put no fairy tales knowingly into the place which belongs to realities. How full his work is of religious yearning and religious passion, and yet how eloquent of a religious fear lest the mind should hold its "dread communion" with the unseen "source of all our light and life," "in ways unworthy Thee,"—how instinct at times with an almost superhuman repudiation of the mere personal need!

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

Here is one "counsel of perfection," and a nobler one, as we hold it, than the "counsel" which Mr. Pater has embodied as a main drift or moral in the story of Marius. But with this protest our fault-finding comes to an end.

There are many other minor points in the book which would repay discussion. Has it done justice to the complexities either of the Roman world or of Christianity in the second century? In fairness to Marcus Aurelius and the pagan world, ought there not to have been some hint of that aspect of the Christian question which leads Renan to apply to the position of the Christian in a pagan city the analogy of that of "a Protestant missionary in a Spanish town where Catholicism is very strong, preaching against the saints, the Virgin, and processions?" Would it not have been well, as an accompaniment to the exquisite picture of primitive Christian life, to have given us some glimpse into the strange excitements and agitations of Christian thought in the second century? As far as Marius is concerned, the different currents of Christian speculation at the time

might hardly have existed. Then again, is there not a little humour wanting, which, according to the facts, ought to have been there, in such a description as that lovely one, of the temple and rites of Æsculapius? But these questions we can only throw out for the reader of *Marius* to ponder if he will. However they may be answered, the value and delightfulness of the book remain. It is so full of exquisite work, of thought fresh from heart and brain, that when the reader has made all his reservations, and steadily refused his adhesion to this or that appeal which it contains, he will come back with fresh delight to the passages and descriptions and reveries in which a poetical and meditative nature has poured out a wealth of imaginative reflection. Two pieces especially he will lay by in the store-house of memory—the "pagan death" of Flavian, the half-Christian death of Marius. Let us give a last satisfaction to the feelings of admiration stirred in us by a remarkable book by quoting the beautiful concluding paragraph which describes how the sensitive soul of Marius passes from the world it had sought so early to understand and enjoy:—

.... "Then, as before, in the wretched, sleepless nights of those forced marches, he would try to fix his mind—as it were impassively, and like a child thinking over the toys it loves, one after the other, that it may fall asleep so, and forget all about them the sooner—on all the persons he had loved

in life—on his love for them, dead or living, grateful for his love or not, rather than on theirs for him—letting their images pass away again, or rest with him, as they would. In the bare sense of having loved, he seemed to find, even amid this foundering of the ship, 'that on which his soul might assuredly rest and depend.' . . . It was after a space of deep sleep that he awoke amid the murmuring voices of the people who had kept and tended him so carefully through his sickness, now kneeling around his bed; and what he heard confirmed, in his then perfect clearness of soul, the spontaneous suggestion of his own bodily feeling. He had often dreamt that he had been condemned to die, that the hour, with wild thoughts of escape, had arrived; and awaking, with the sun all around him, in complete liberty of life, had been full of gratitude for his place there, alive still, in the land of the living. He read surely, now, in the manner, the doings of these people, some of whom were passing away through the doorway, where the sun still lay heavy and full, that his last morning was come, and turn to think again of the beloved. Of old, he had often fancied that not to die on a dark and rainy day would itself have a little alleviating grace or favour about it. The people around his bed were praying fervently: *Abi! Abi! anima Christiana!* In the moments of his extreme helplessness the mystic bread had been placed, had descended like a snow-flake from the sky, between his lips. Soothing fingers had applied to hands and feet, to all those old passage-ways of the senses through which the world had come and gone from him, now so dark and obstructed, a medicinale oil. It was the same people who, in the grey, austere evening of that day, took up his remains, and buried them secretly with their accustomed prayers; but with joy also, holding his death, according to their generous view in this matter, to have been in the nature of a martyrdom; and martyrdom, as the Church had always said, is a kind of sacrament with plenary grace."

M. A. W.

MOMMSEN'S NEW VOLUME.

THE book for which the learned world has been waiting for thirty years has come at last. Dr. Theodor Mommsen has just published the fifth volume of his Roman History on *The Provinces from Cæsar to Diocletian*. Thus is picked up the thread dropped in 1855, when the third volume of the History was given to the world, but the thread is carried over a gap as yet unfilled. The fourth volume is yet to come; the internal and constitutional history of the empire, as Mommsen can tell it, has not yet been told. In his view the history of the provinces presses more urgently for the telling, as it has nowhere been made accessible to the general public in a convenient form, and as the imperial system is wont in consequence to be incorrectly and unfairly judged. The fourth volume will follow; perhaps there may even be a sixth, specially devoted to the later empire of Diocletian, who effected changes in the Roman State at least as great as those effected by Augustus, and to that general survey and summary of results which the present volume, ending as it does abruptly with the details of the provincial government of Africa, nowhere supplies. It is not unreasonable to hope that this may yet be done. Mommsen has been working and writing on Roman history for over forty years—*grande mortalis ævi spatium*—since his first essay was published in 1843. But, for all this vast activity, he is yet hardly an old man. Madvig is eighty-one, Ranke is over ninety, Mommsen is only sixty-eight. He has yet to carry the great Berlin *Corpus of Inscriptions*, of which he is chief editor, to a fortunate conclusion; his *Constitutional History of Rome* has yet to be completed by a volume on the senate; and the *Roman History*, in which the

results of all this thorny erudition are made accessible to the general reader, is at present a splendid fragment. Students all over the world will wish to the great toiler the health and long life and unslackening energy needful to make his life's work a rounded and triumphant whole.

The present volume is the sign and consummation of the great centrifugal movement which has marked the study of Roman history for thirty years, and of which Mommsen himself has been the pioneer. Such a conception of the Roman empire as that presented in the pages of Suetonius, where the centre of interest is the character of the reigning emperor, is long out of date. The *Orbis Romanus* takes the place of Rome. The archaeologist feels a thrill of deeper interest at the sight of the grass-grown amphitheatres of Birten or Lillebonne, the camp at Housesteads on the bleak Northumbrian fell, or the lonely column of Avenches, than he feels at Verona or at Rome. The student of politics is sensible that he cannot know too much of the Roman system—how Rome administered, and assimilated, and civilised her heterogeneous subject world—and there are few countries in Europe, if, indeed, *pace* Mr. Freeman, there is one, where such a student does not ever more strongly realise the greatness of the mark which Rome has left upon the present. Along with the displacement of the interest in Roman history—the transfer from centre to circumference—has gone an immense extension of our knowledge of the Roman world. With the growth of the interest have grown the means of gratifying it. The authors are microscopically studied from this point of view, but the authors did not as a rule share the point of view themselves, and the complaint of an his-

torian like Mommsen is that they tell us what does not signify, and leave out everything we want to know. Luckily new and boundless sources of information have been supplied by the inscriptions, which, for this period, when every successful soldier wrote every step of his career on stone, and cities entrusted their laws and constitutions to the imperishable bronze, are of overwhelming value and importance. The fifteen stately volumes of the Berlin *Corpus* are a mine into which only the first shafts have as yet been sunk, and the material supplied for the Greek East by the Greek inscriptions of the period is almost as considerable. The coins are only less important, and it is no exaggeration to say that a historian of the Roman empire who has not used this new material, and does not know at least its main results, is just as obsolete as Rollin. New light has also been given by the deeper and closer study of topography. The Germans have worked out the whole system of the Roman roads, towns, and fortifications along the Rhine, and a large part of the results has been embodied in maps, such as Paulus's magnificent archaeological chart of Würtemberg. In England the Roman wall—perhaps the most wonderful monument of themselves which the Romans have left in any province—has been investigated with the most assiduous patience and success. Mommsen pays the labours of men like Hodgson and Dr. Bruce a merited compliment when he declares that it is the only monument of the kind which has been properly examined, and expresses himself as by comparison dissatisfied with the corresponding work which has been done upon the Germanic and Rhaetian *limites* in Germany. Much light has also been thrown upon the road-system by a number of students, among whom Mr. Thompson Watkin has done particularly good work. In France the results of the labours of innumerable inquirers have been summed up in the three volumes of Desjardin's *Geography of Roman Gaul*. In Spain almost

everything is still to do, but the second volume of the *Corpus* supplies the requisite basis, and there are signs of the rise of a serious school of historical and archaeological students in that country. In North Africa the French have done much, and will do more. Some of the chief results have been put together by Boissière, in his *Roman Algeria*, and by Tissot in his *Geography of the Roman Province of Africa*. For the Danubian lands there are books like Planta's *Rhaetia*, Müllner's *Emona*, Zippel's *Illyria*, Cons's *Dalmatia*, Kämmer's *Austria*, and a young English scholar, Mr. A. F. Evans, who has already done good work in that district, will, it is to be hoped, some day produce an authoritative work upon Illyricum in its widest sense. In the western part of Dacia, the present Transylvania, much has been done by Gooss and others, but the eastern half of the province has been left almost untouched; and but little has been done in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, Moesia and Thrace. Great advances have of late been made in our knowledge of Asia Minor by travellers like Perrot, Hirschfeld, Benndorff, and Mr. W. M. Ramsay, and the results so far obtained have been carefully mapped by Dr. Kiepert, who has always given special attention to the geography of Asia Minor. The English military Consuls in Asia Minor are also believed to have done much. "Our mission," wrote Sir Charles Wilson, the Consul-General, a year ago, "was a political one, but we were determined to bring back as much information as we could of a country at once so interesting and so little known. The geographical results were, briefly, a complete military survey of the Taurus range from the mountains of Lycia to the Persian frontier; of the Anti-Taurus, and of Mount Amanus from the Taurus to the Beilan Pass. Surveys were also made of the Cilician Plain, of the country around Mount Argæus, of portions of Paphlagonia and Pontus, and every important road in the

country was examined and sketched.

. . . I believe if our sketches were put together, as I hope they may be some day, we should be able to reconstruct the ancient road system of the country, to follow the marches of Cyrus, Alexander, Manlius, and Cæsar in ancient times, and, in more modern, the march of the Crusaders to Palestine, to understand the mountain campaigns of Cicero, the long struggle of the Byzantine emperors with the Seljuk and Ottoman Turks, and to lay down with fair accuracy the boundaries of the ancient provinces." Such a statement is eminently calculated to make a geographer's mouth water, and it is not surprising that Dr. Kiepert should have applied to the War Office for leave to examine and utilise the sketches and plans brought home by the English Consuls. It is said that the War Office, no doubt for reasons connected with Sir Charles Wilson's reference to a "military survey," have not felt themselves at liberty to accede to the great geographer's request. But it would be disgraceful that such materials should be pigeon-holed for ever in the War Office. They are the only tangible result of the labours of the Consuls, who were appointed to "watch the introduction of reforms under the Anglo-Turkish Convention," and it is much to be hoped that Sir Charles Wilson's "some day" is not synonymous with the Greek Kalends.

The map of the *Orbis Romanus* is thus being gradually built up. On the detailed history of almost every province an immense mass of knowledge has been accumulated. It is possible to give the names of every regiment, of regulars or auxiliaries, that ever formed part of the garrison of Britain, and to indicate the headquarters of almost every one of them. We know the site of every Roman villa in Southern England, and we also know, and can argue something as to the comparative Romanisation of Northern and Southern England from the knowledge, that not a single villa has been found north of Aldborough.

The great camps at Mainz, on the Saalburg, at Xanten, at Chester, and on Hadrian's Wall, have been explored. A whole district has been worked over for the site of a battlefield, and after a literature has been written on the defeat of Varus, the scene of the battle is fixed (by Höfer and Mommsen) no longer at Detmold but at Osnabrück. An amount of extraneous knowledge has thus been obtained which enables us to press with incomparable power upon the texts, and to extract from them the last syllable they are capable of telling us. The new materials, epigraphic, numismatic, and topographical, enable us sometimes to illustrate the texts, sometimes to supplement them, sometimes even summarily to correct them. The specialists at work in each province have accumulated for the historian a mass of valuable information such as Dr. Arnold foresaw would be brought together when he wrote (in 1838) that "he who attempts to write history in the interval between the awakened consciousness of the defects of our knowledge and that fuller light which may hereafter remove them, labours under peculiar disadvantages." At the same time the work done has been in the main that of specialists, and it has had the defects of its qualities. "It is unfortunately the rule," wrote Mommsen, in an essay published in the course of last year, "for a writer on a province of the Roman empire to know as little of the empire as those who occupy themselves with the Roman empire are wont to know of the individual provinces." The time had come for a serious effort to sift this information, to piece out the story, and put the facts together in their true relations, and Mommsen was the man to do it. He knows the empire and he knows the provinces. His authority on the early history of Rome is no doubt considerable, but any one familiar with the work he has poured out in such profusion during the last twenty years was well aware that his real subject was the

empire. He has prepared himself by editing the *Digest*, by a general editorship of the *Corpus*, to which he has moreover contributed from his own hand a good half of the 72,000 separate articles of which its fifteen volumes are composed, by the elaborate study of the Roman constitutional machinery in the *Staatsrecht* (the second part of the second volume deals exclusively with the Principate), and by countless essays on cognate subjects in the great classical reviews of Germany.

The biographer of Charles Tissot tells us that that excellent scholar and austere but admirable man "was not lavish with his praises; even Borghesi seemed to him overrated; but when he spoke of M. Mommsen, of the prodigious activity of this savant, who in the midst of his gigantic labours finds time to keep up a vast correspondence in four languages, never leaving a letter without answer or a problem without solution, he pronounced a word—the word 'genius'—which was not accustomed to pass his lips. 'This man discourages one,' he once remarked to me, after reading one of the last numbers of the *Ephemeris*, 'the novelties of a text which are obscurities for us are shafts of light for him; when I see what he accomplishes I should like to break my pen.'"

The book to whose author's qualifications such testimony is borne, is a stout volume of over 650 pages, and, bulky though it is, the reader will be struck quite as much by what it omits as by what it contains. It nowhere discusses the nature of the Roman provincial administration in general; there is no account of the internal arrangements of those provincial towns whose self-government is so important and so interesting an element in the Roman system; above all, there is no general discussion, such as Mommsen could have given us better than any living man, of the Roman system of taxation and finance. Christianity is but slightly touched, though

there is a pregnant remark to the effect that the persecution of Christians was normal just as much as the persecution of banditti. Both were alike law-breakers, and if there was no persecution for a long time together, that was not an affair of law at all, but merely of public policy and the character of the individual governor. There is a luminous hint, too, in the amusing passage on the Asiarchs, the high-priests of the province, who really were nothing less than pagan bishops with the spiritual interests of the province in their charge, and who, maintaining as they did a very stiff standard of orthodoxy, were naturally the first to bring the law into operation against the Christians. But, speaking generally, the lack of any account of the new religion is one of the puzzles of the volume. So, too, the reader of the chapter on Spain will be disappointed to find no account of the municipal constitutions of Malaga and Ursao, or of the very interesting mining communities of Lusitania, and the section on Dacia supplies no hints as to the much-debated question of Rouman nationality. Some of these omissions will no doubt be made good in the fourth volume, others are due to Mommsen's strict limitation of his subject to the first three centuries. Beyond Diocletian he does not look. The reader must regard the book as a kind of glorified gazetteer of the Roman empire, in which almost all the great general questions are treated as if already handled or already known, and in which the results of much laborious investigation are tacitly assumed, sometimes indeed stated with a certainty that hardly perhaps properly belongs to them. He will find almost every point of Rome's foreign policy discussed. From no previous book could one get at a general notion of the frontier policy—or policies—of Rome. It is the only book which gives a statement of the frontier policy in Egypt, and, the geographical conditions of the problem being precisely the same as they were when

the Romans held Egypt, even the most matter-of-fact politician, and the one with the robustest contempt for historical analogies, may be glad to know, without having to hunt through Strabo, Pliny, and Procopius for the information, that the Romans resolutely held aloof from the Soudan, and thought the frontier sufficiently guarded with 1200 troops at Assouan. The book is greatly swelled by the space given to the wars—to the Jewish wars, for instance, the Parthian wars, the wars on the Rhine and Danube. It is not simply an account of the provinces. That could have been done in half the space, or rather the space saved from the wars could have been utilised partly for some general chapters on the administration, partly for fuller details of the individual provinces. If the foreign history of the empire is to be told over again in the fourth volume, there will be a good deal of inevitable repetition. If, on the other hand, the wars of the empire and its foreign relations generally are held to be sufficiently discussed in the present volume, then it must be allowed that the geographical basis of the book has its disadvantages, that it is impossible to gain from it a clear and comprehensive idea of the foreign policy of any given reign, and that it is, in fact, open to some of the objections which the veteran French savant, M. E. Egger, urged long ago against the similar plan of Appian.

In a gazetteer—even a glorified gazetteer—the element of human interest is not to be expected. "Picturesque detail, studies of motive, and vignettes of character, my book," says Mommsen, "has not to offer. It is permitted to the artist, but not to the historian, to imagine the features of Arminius. With renunciation has this book been written, and with renunciation it must be read." We should be grateful therefore for the few "vignettes of character," bitten in with a few sharp and vigorous strokes, from which the historian of the younger Cato, and Cicero, and

Pompey has been unable altogether to withhold his hand. Antony is briefly characterised: "One of those purely military talents which, in front of the enemy, and especially in a critical position, know to strike with equal courage and sagacity, he lacked the statesman's purpose, the sure grasp and resolute prosecution of the political end in view." Trajan is "a man of big deeds, and yet bigger words." Tiberius, "the most capable ruler that the empire produced," is painted as "the old lion" dying on his rock of Capree, but capable of rousing himself on occasion from the inaction that had crept over him with years, and of showing that he was "still formidable to others besides his courtiers, and not the man to allow himself, and in his person Rome, to be slighted without taking vengeance on the offender." Germanicus is slightly touched; evidently Mommsen regards him as an overrated personage; but there is a sympathetic portrait of the "heroic figure" of his father Drusus, the brilliant young prince who came so near to conquering Germany for good and all, and extending the Roman frontier and Roman civilisation permanently to the Elbe. These, however, are almost the only portraits in the book, and one cannot but regret that the historian's pen has passed so quickly over Corbulo, the veteran general of the Armenian campaigns; Suetonius Paulinus, equally at home and equally resourceful on the hot Algerian plateau and amid the swamps and forests of northern Britain; Lucius Quietus, that Othello of the second century, the Moorish sheikh who did such yeoman's service in Dacia under Trajan, and who rose at last to be consul and governor of Palestine; and many another of those veteran warriors and veteran statesmen whom Professor Seeley rightly calls "the glory of the empire."

But enough on what the book omits, or, rather, what the author deliberately refuses to give us. What he gives us is in all conscience wide

enough. The detail of the book is inexhaustible, and it is impossible to follow the author through province after province. But a fair idea of its general bearings may perhaps be gathered from a brief examination of :

1. The foreign relations of the empire, with special reference to the frontiers and the army; 2. The town-system; and 3. The relations of Rome and Hellas.

1. "The Romans," says Appian, "sit round their empire in a circle with great armies, and watch all that vast expanse of land and sea as if it were a single town." The army was not in Italy—it was one of Augustus's main objects not only to get rid of any excuse for a military command in Italy, but to keep the legions well outside of the Alpine region—or in Gaul, or the civilised parts of Spain or Africa. The legions were on the frontiers—on the Rhine, the Euphrates, the Danube, and the edge of the Libyan desert. The Romans boasted that they needed not to keep troops in the interior of the provinces to hold their subjects down, and on the whole—though it is to be remembered that the troops on the Rhine could also be used, if need were, against the Gauls, and that Hadrian's Wall in Britain was so constructed as to be defensible against the Brigantes of Yorkshire and Lancashire as well as against the Caledonii—the boast was justified. Speaking generally, the Roman army of the early empire was the sum of the frontier garrisons, and its total strength—250,000 men at the outside—was extraordinarily small. The greatest strength was on the Rhine, where, reckoning the outlying garrisons of Vindonissa (Windisch, near Brügg in Switzerland) and Noviomagus (Nymwegen), the total force could not have been less than 80,000 men. There ought of course to have been an army over and above these garrisons, ready to be moved at any moment to a threatened point, and there is some ground for thinking that such an army entered into Caesar's

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plans. But as a matter of fact there was nothing of the kind, and if the frontier was specially threatened at a particular point, its guard could only be strengthened by detachments from other legions, or, in extreme cases, by moving up whole legions for the time being from neighbouring provinces. That is, the frontier could only be strengthened at one point by being denuded at another, and it is needless to point out the disadvantages and dangers of such a system. In quiet times a given frontier was held by one or two great fortresses—Moguntiacum (Mainz) and Vetera (Xanten), for instance, on the Rhine—with a chain of smaller forts (*castella*) in between. There was an elaborate system of signalling both by night and day, and no effort was spared to make the whole line a living chain, so that the approach of danger at any point was instantaneously communicated, and troops came pouring in. The electrical condition of the frontier, which it was the object thus to bring about, made it unnecessary to keep the garrisons of the innumerable *castella* perpetually on a war footing. In time of peace there were only just enough men in each of them to patrol the roads and keep up the watch. An inscription found recently in Bulgaria gives the complete list of the garrison of one of these *castella* in Lower Mœsia. It was held by just seventy-six men; whereas, on a war footing, the garrison would probably be two cohorts, or 1000 men. Such was the way in which the Lower Rhine was certainly held, and it is very certain that the sixty-two *castella* which guarded the Germanic *limes* out beyond the Neckar were not garrisoned, as some antiquaries have vainly imagined, by 38,000 men. That is the general type of frontier defence—a couple of fortresses of the first rank, numerous *castella*, weakly held, at intervals of five to ten miles, and every preparation made to concentrate a strong force at any moment on a given point. But it was to be expected

that the idea should occur of converting the pliant chain into a rigid bar, of bridging over the intervals between the *castella*, in short of making the physical obstacle to an enemy continuous. This was done in Germany, in lower Mœsia (where a wall was run from the Danube to Tomi—Kustendje—and another, further north, from the Pruth to the Dniester), and above all in Britain. The German wall, which was not more than ten or twelve feet high at the outside, started from Brohl (between Remagen and Andernach), in other words from the northern border of the province of Upper Germany, inclosed the Taunus range and the town of Friedberg, then turned south to the Main at Grosskrotzenburg and followed it to Miltenberg. It then took a bee-line across country to Lorch, where it joined the Rætian *limes* which ran from that place eastwards to the Danube near Ratisbon. The wall was not a physical obstacle in the full sense, and the line of country followed seems often to have been taken in defiance of purely military considerations. In peace time the wall served the purpose of keeping out brigands (as, even if they could get across it unperceived at night, they could not bring back the cattle and the booty-laden carts, which alone made the trouble and danger of a raid worth while), of facilitating the collection of the customs, and imposing a barrier—moral rather than physical, but in ordinary times no doubt effectual—to the movements of population westwards. This was a very different affair to the formidable British wall, twenty feet high, with its numerous camps, towers, and small *castella*, which really was a physical obstacle of a very serious kind, and the garrison of which, moreover, was kept always on a war footing. The constant danger from the Caledonian tribes, combined with the smallness of the neck of land to be defended, made a real Chinese wall here possible. There were at least 10,000 troops along the line of the wall, and 2000 or 3000 in

strong positions to the rear, near enough to be called up at the approach of danger.

Where Rome came directly into contact with uncivilised races, and had to take upon herself the protection of the frontier, that was how she set about it. There was always the chain of forts, and sometimes the chain stiffened into a continuous bar. But frontiers of that kind all over the world were expensive in men and money, and Rome, having not too much of either, naturally and inevitably tried to save herself this burden by the expedient, where it seemed possible and not too dangerous, of buffer States. Thrace was at one time such a State. Augustus looked to the princes of the Odrysæ to see that the peace was not broken on the Lower Danube, and withdrew the legions from the northern frontier of Macedonia. The princes of Palmyra and Petra kept the peace for Rome, one on the lower Euphrates, the other on the edge of the Arabian desert. But the great and typical instance of such a State was, of course, Armenia, which occupied between Rome and Parthia much the position that Afghanistan occupies between England and Russia. Parthia was the only State which stood on anything like an equal footing with Rome. The East regarded them as rival and almost equal Powers, and the extraordinary place which Parthia occupies in the literature of the early empire—for instance, in the Odes of Horace—shows that at heart the Romans recognised the justice of such a view. The defeat of Crassus left a greater and more ineffaceable impression on the Roman mind than the defeat of Varus. But the idea that an imperial Power like that of Rome could formally recognise another Power as entitled to treat with it on an equal footing, and to live side by side with it in peace, divided only by a mutually-accepted frontier, was foreign to antiquity, and foreign most of all to Rome. Rome would not be content to let Parthia come up to the left bank of the Euphrates, and exer-

cise undisputed authority in Armenia, while she looked on with friendly equanimity from the left bank of the great river. She pushed her pretensions accordingly across the Euphrates, and aimed at making of Armenia a buffer State, under her exclusive influence, between herself and Parthia. But Armenia properly belonged to the East, not to the West. It had been never Hellenised. It had almost everything in common with Parthia, and nothing in common with Rome. The Romans, therefore, in face of the steady opposition of Parthia, which was sometimes active, sometimes passive, but always there, had their work cut out for them in Armenia. The Roman suzerainty could be asserted only by constant war, or the constant menace of war, and so there was unceasing friction, and no possibility of enduring peace between Rome and Parthia. There were only two sound alternatives—either to annex Armenia or to leave it alone, either to allow the Parthian dominion to come up to the Euphrates or to push forward the Roman dominion to the Tigris. With his usual love for half measures, Augustus would do neither. The consequence was that between B.C. 20 and A.D. 54, hardly a year passed in which Roman legions were not led across the Euphrates, and there was never-ending war with Parthia. The capable ministers who administered the empire in the first years of Nero's reign saw that there was no end or issue to the existing state of things, and determined to take a new departure. They consented that Parthian influence should be as great in Armenia as that of Rome. Hitherto, Rome had always been willing to make war in order to prevent Armenia being made an appanage of the Parthian crown. It was now arranged that the crown of Armenia should be reserved for a member of the royal house of Parthia, but that the feudatory relation between Rome and Armenia should still outwardly exist, and that every new Armenian prince should do homage to

the Emperor for his crown. This arrangement, while paying every regard to Roman susceptibilities, really handed Armenia over to Parthia; but, failing annexation, it was, at least, a workable and consistent plan, and it had the effect of keeping the peace between Rome and Parthia for forty years. Parthia was the first to break the bargain. Trajan had as usual appointed a successor to the Armenian throne, at that time vacant, but his nominee was a member of the Parthian royal family. He was therefore within his right, and when the reigning King of Parthia appointed another Arsacid, Trajan declared war. He conquered Armenia, incorporated both it and Mesopotamia with the Empire, and even cherished the idea of overrunning and reducing Parthia. His death put an end to these great designs, and Hadrian, finding that the new acquisitions could not be maintained without a proportionate increase of the army, let them lapse. Severus, however, went back to Trajan's frontier, and after nearly a century of struggles with the neo-Persian empire of the Sassanidæ, which had displaced the semi-Hellenised Parthian dynasty early in the third century, the wisdom of Trajan's forward policy was once more vindicated. Diocletian extended the frontier to the Tigris, and incorporated southern Armenia with the empire. This was the end of the policy of buffer States. The inherent difficulties in the way of this policy—the difficulty of maintaining paramount influence in a country while leaving it nominally independent; and the difficulty of securing that while not too strong for dependence, the buffer State should be strong enough to hold its own against any one but the suzerain—were strongly felt by Rome. Thrace had been bodily taken over by Claudius, and Trajan made a clean sweep of all the client-States left, beginning with Petra and ending with Armenia.

Armenia is not the only quarter in which Mommson is strongly of opinion

that the forward policy was right. In his view the *clades Variana*—the destruction by the Germans of Varus and his legions in the neighbourhood of Osnabrück—is a riddle. It is difficult to understand why it should have had such enormous consequences. "One can hardly conceive that the annihilation of an army of 20,000 men, unattended by further immediate military consequences, should have given a decisive turn to the high policy of a wisely-ruled world-State." A frontier constituted by the Danube and Elbe would have been shorter and better than one constituted by the Danube and the Rhine. Moreover to have put the great frontier armies on the Elbe instead of on the Rhine would have been to carry out the cardinal maxim of Augustus's policy—the removal of the great commands to as great a distance as possible from Rome and Italy—and an Elbe army could hardly have played in the history of the empire the sinister part which was actually played by the army of the Rhine. Tiberius, the veteran of a hundred fights, had had so much to do with the conquest of Germany, that the renunciation of a forward policy beyond the Rhine could hardly have been agreeable to him personally. Perhaps a man living in those times could not have asked himself the further great question, which naturally occurs to the historian, who looks back, not only on the first century of our era, but on the fifth as well, and all that have come after. The question is, whether the incorporation of Germany as far as the Elbe would not have made the empire inexpugnably strong, and whether with the Romanised German races as a rampart and a vanguard, Rome could not have victoriously beaten off the not less brave but infinitely less organised races that lay further to the east and north. If Rome's interests were to be the standard of the world's interests—which a Roman might well be excused for thinking—the forward policy in Germany was right. It was, probably,

also right in Britain, where it was strongly advised by the noblest Roman who ever took in hand the government of the country. Agricola wanted to annex the whole island, and Ireland into the bargain, and if this had once been done, the maintenance of Britain would in all probability have been much less costly in money and men. As things were, with the constant menace of the tribes beyond the wall, Rome found to her no small disgust that she had to occupy this poor and remote province with no less than three legions and an unusually large army of auxiliaries. In another region and at another time Rome had a still greater opportunity, and it was deliberately thrown away. After six years of incessant warfare M. Aurelius had subdued the Marcomanni (Bohemia), and they were followed by the Quadi (Moravia) and the Iazyges (a fragment of the Sarmatian race settled in the basin of the Theiss, and who, after conquest, supplied a contingent of auxiliary cavalry, of which the greater part was sent to Britain, and stationed at Ribchester and other places in the north). It was his intention, and it was well within his power, to make two new provinces, Marcomannia and Sarmatia. Thus once more the upper Elbe was in the grasp of Rome. Dacia would no longer have been a mere outpost, hardly tenable in the long run if it continued to stand alone. It would have been one of a colossal ring of frontier provinces beyond the Danube and the Rhine. Marcus Aurelius was not the man to annex for annexation's sake, and Mommsen believes his policy to have been the right one. Yet Commodus renounced it at once, and apparently without hesitation, on his father's death. Commodus's name is a poor guarantee for any policy, and if his action stood alone it might merely be referred to his personal incapacity. But when we find Augustus and Tiberius refusing to make good the defeat of Varus, Domitian—"one of the most diligent

administrators whom the empire produced" — deliberately checking the advance of his victorious general in Britain, and Hadrian renouncing Armenia and Mesopotamia, it is natural to suppose that there were general and perhaps solid causes for this assiduous avoidance of any large extension of the responsibilities of empire.

The fact is that the empire was poor. This paid army of 250,000 long-service soldiers, though too small for the work it had to do, was large enough to be uncommonly expensive. Nothing either in money or men was to be got out of Italy, and the burden on the provinces was already about as much as they could carry. Augustus and Tiberius gave up Germany, Domitian Britain, Hadrian Armenia and Mesopotamia, Commodus Marcomannia and Sarmatia, mainly because each extension of the frontier would have demanded a corresponding increase in the army, which again could only be effected by a corresponding increase of the taxation. Finance was the weak spot of the Roman empire, as is it not the weak spot of every empire? But the foreign policy of the empire was crippled by something more than want of means. The imperial system was from its very nature hostile to thorough military efficiency. Augustus had established the dynastic principle on a weak and insufficient basis, and directly it failed there was no reason why any successful soldier should not be emperor. As the army in fact made the emperors, the reigning prince was naturally slow to give great commands to any but members of his own house. Directly young Gaius was killed by a chance stroke in Armenia, Augustus renounced the forward policy in Armenia altogether, there being no member of his own family left to execute it. In the same way provinces were divided, in order to divide the military command, although military considerations enjoined its retention in a single hand. Mommsen for instance suggests that the reason for

dividing Britain into two commands, and keeping half the troops at Chester and Caerleon, whereas they were really wanted a good deal further north, was to prevent a single provincial governor having the control of so large a force as three legions with an unusually full complement of auxiliary, horse and foot. Even these weaknesses would perhaps hardly suffice to explain the shortcomings of the empire in foreign policy, if we still cherished the delusion that the troops were "Roman." But the difficulties in the way of sending drafts all over the empire were of course enormous; the temptation to get the men as far as possible on the spot invincible; and, probably not later than Hadrian, local recruiting was everywhere the rule. Not merely were the legions not composed of Italians, but the auxiliary *cohortes Hispanorum* or *Thracum*, were not exclusively or even largely composed of Thracians or Spaniards. Britain was held by Britons, the Rhine frontier by Germans, and—what is a good deal more important—Syria and Egypt by Syrians and Egyptians. The disgraceful history of the wars with Parthia is not explicable if we suppose the legions of the Euphrates to have been—except as regards the officers—in any sense Roman or even Western. They were composed of effeminate and undisciplined Orientals, and at every serious crisis Western legions were brought up from the Danube or the Rhine to do the work for which the ordinary Euphrates army had shown itself incompetent.

2. It was typical of their whole treatment of the Greek East that the Romans allowed even the Euphrates army to become Greco-Oriental. Their object in the East was to diffuse not Romanism but Hellenism. They both were, and regarded themselves as, the successors of Alexander, and their ambition was to complete his work. Greek was the one language of the Empire which was recognised as official, side by side with Latin, and it appears to have been the long-

cherished idea of the Romans to make no difference between Greece and Italy, but to incorporate Greece, exactly as Italy had been incorporated, with the Roman State. It is a peculiarity of Greece that its two chief towns, Athens and Sparta, along with the large tracts of territory belonging to each, were exempt from the provincial administration. Nero went so far as to declare all Greece tax-free and exempt from the Roman administration; Hadrian gave Athens corn at the public expense, just as if it had been another Rome. When the organisation and civilisation of Thrace were seriously taken in hand by Trajan, the towns were organised on the Greek model. No attempt was made to Romanise a province, which had been drawn, however incompletely, within the Hellenic circle by the Macedonian kings. The same policy was pursued in Asia Minor. In the remoter parts of the province of Asia—for instance, in the Phrygian highlands, and in Cappadocia—Hellenism seems to have first made its way under the empire, and the existing Hellenic civilisation was everywhere respected. In Syria the Romans found their work more than half done. Alexander and his successors had intended to make a new Macedonia of the country, and it was covered with towns of Greek constitution and Macedonian name, like Larissa, Pella, and Berea. Only a few Latin islands were planted in this Greek sea—Berytus, for instance, in Syria, and Alexandria Troas in Asia Minor, and a few obscure colonies of Roman veterans were entrusted with the duty of keeping in check the banditti of the mountain border of Pisidia.

3. But whether Rome acted as the torchbearer of the Hellenic or the Latin civilisation, it was at bottom one and the same civilisation which she everywhere introduced. The Romans disliked the racial unit—the clan or tribe—as possibly dangerous. They could not conceive civilisation without towns, and they wanted towns as the

basis of the administration. The town was the administrative unit under Rome, as the district collector is in India. The Romans were long in evolving an official class, the very idea of the "official," the trained specialist who is bound by rigid rules and still more rigid traditions, being alien to the Roman conception of public life. The extent to which the independence of the towns was everywhere respected under the early empire was due in part to the entire absence of any class of officials competent to do the work, and with the appearance of such a class disappeared the independence of the towns. But every reason led the early empire to increase the importance of towns where they existed, and to introduce them where they did not. Whether the province was Britain or Judaea—whether the town was called *Cæsarea* or *Verulamium*—in any case towns grew up under the footsteps of Rome as inevitably and almost as quickly as did camps and baths and amphitheatres. This universal introduction of urban civilisation—Hellenic, in the east and Latin in the west (the west including Africa, where the pre-existing civilisation was not Hellenic, but Phœnician) but always urban—was the great and characteristic work of Rome, and it was the merit of the empire that, by keeping the peace for so long a time, it enabled the task to be well and thoroughly performed. At the same time the Romans, who were the last people in the world to be overmastered by a pedantic passion for uniformity, showed great ease and flexibility in the different ways in which they set about introducing the town system in different provinces. In Gaul, for instance, the Romans did not destroy the large race-units which they found in possession of the field. They changed the nomenclature, and made the town, which had no doubt hitherto existed, if only as a market, the centre of the administration. Instead of the *Remi* they said *Durocor-torum*, instead of the *Allobroges* they said *Vienna*. But it is necessary very

clearly to bear in mind that Durocor-torum meant great part of Cham-pagne, and Vienna meant all Savoy. In the strict administrative sense important towns like Geneva and Grenoble were nothing but dependent villages of Vienna. That is the es-sential peculiarity of Roman Gaul, that the enormous Gallic *civitates* con-tinued to exist, instead of, as in Spain, being broken into smaller units. The Spanish province of Tarraconensis had 293 separate communities; in all three Gauls there were only sixty-four. The Romans found both countries divided into great tribal communities when they first annexed them. In Gaul they let these communities alone, while giving them the name and administration of towns; in Spain they broke them up. The Astures, for instance, were not a political entity under Rome. The name lingered on merely as one of geographical con-venience. The Astures were made up of twenty-two separate communities. There is all the difference in the world between an official "ad census accipiendos civitatum xxiii. Vasco-num et Vardulorum" and a "censor civitatis Remorum federatæ." It was not that the Astures or Can-tabri were reckoned more formidable than the Treviri or Remi. The dif-ference came from the fact that Spain was conquered much earlier, and that the Republic—as was shown, for instance, by the breaking up of the Samnite confederation—was more hostile to such large units than the Empire.

The last and deepest question of all remains. Was the government in the main a good one? Were the pro-vinces fairly taxed, well governed, happy, and prosperous? Mommson, who is very severe on the maladminis-tration of the Republic, its "short-sightedness and narrowness, one might even say its perversity and brutality," is lenient, and more than lenient to the empire. Certain deductions have to be made. The rule of the Senate

was but a poor one, not because it was ill-intentioned, but because it was in-competent. It lacked initiative, and governors of high birth, who were ap-pointed to the senatorial provinces by lot, naturally showed themselves as a rule inferior to the picked and tried le-gates of the emperor. It is noteworthy that very little was done for the roads in a senatorial province; in every re-spect the administration was slacker and less competent than in the Imperial provinces. A great English historian who has made a special study of one of these senatorial provinces is severe upon the Imperial administration as a whole. But Finlay argues too hastily from the, in many respects, anomalous case of Greece. There were a number of reasons for the depopulation and decay of Greece, notwithstanding all the philhellenic sentiment of culti-vated Romans. The civil wars hit Greece frightfully hard. They were mainly fought out on Greek soil, and were preceded and accompanied by requisitions on a gigantic scale. The senatorial government of the province was not particularly good, but it was better than that of the free cities. Athens in particular governed itself very badly. Money was made by Greek artists, and Greek business men, but mainly out of Greece. It is true that the population of Greece decayed under the empire; but so did the population of Italy, and in both cases the main reason was the same. The Italian population dispersed itself all over Europe. "Ubi cumque vicit, Romanus habitat," says Seneca, and the Roman took the Greek with him. Mommson says that the Jews were important and powerful in every country but Judea; he might have said much the same of Greece proper and the Greeks. The Greeks would no doubt have stayed in Greece if Delos and the Piræus had continued to be the great emporia of the eastern trade. But all that trade was now diverted to Italy, and Greece was thrown back exclusively upon its own natural resources, which were not

great. There are, in fact, special reasons for the decay of Greece under the empire. Other provinces were prosperous enough. There were great industries, even what we should call manufacturing industries, in Western Asia Minor, and the whole country is simply studded with the remains of great Greco-Roman cities. Syria was particularly flourishing and populous. There was a free population of 117,000 in Apamea, and in the last hundred miles of the Orontes valley before the river reached the sea, there was a town to every mile. Still more extraordinary is the contrast between the Batanea of the Roman Empire and the Haouran of to-day. There were 300 towns in a district where there are now five villages. In these border-regions, exposed to the frequent incursions of barbarous tribes, peace and prosperity could only be ensured by the strong hand of some external power. Under Rome they were governed as they ought to be, and as they have never been governed since. A kind of advanced post of Hellenic civilisation was here secured by Rome which may fairly be compared with the rich and prosperous Decumates Agri across the Rhine. Similar facts meet us on the Arabian border, at Petra, and of course on a great scale in Egypt and northern Africa. The present condition of Asia Minor, Syria, and northern Africa is one of barbarism compared to their condition under Rome. It is these countries which weight the scale

against the present, and which enable Mommsen to say, in one of the most rhetorical passages of his book, that "if an Angel of the Lord were bidden to determine whether the portion of the earth's surface ruled by Severus Antoninus was governed with greater sense and humanity then or now, whether morals and public happiness have in general advanced or gone back, it is very doubtful whether he would decide in favour of the present." That is a great question to which the present volume does not supply the materials for an answer. Apart from that spiritual discontent which is inseparable from a powerfully centralised despotism, and which is very real and, in the long run, very enfeebling, the answer to it very largely depends upon homely considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence. The vital question of the history of the empire is whether the taxation was excessive. In the first centuries of the Imperial Government the taxes were probably not—at least this is the conclusion to which Mommsen evidently inclines—as a rule excessive. But, in the long run, the provinces could not support both themselves and Italy, and there was always that drone in the midst of the hive—that Italy—to which all the world paid tribute—and which the richest of her subject-lands, the loamy valleys of the Medjerda and the Nile, exhausted themselves to feed.

WILLIAM T. ARNOLD.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

On the last Monday of last month the Prime Minister electrified the House of Commons by a speech which was understood to point to a war with Russia. The stroke was sudden. Men were not prepared for so rapid an evolution of the crisis. The public were surprised, and a little bewildered. On the Saturday evening of the same week the usual brilliant circle of eminent guests were gathered together at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy. Under the glitter of the scene was felt the presence of grave preoccupations. It was known that Ministers had been hastily summoned during the afternoon to a Council for the consideration of the decisive reply from Russia. They were the last to arrive, but before men had all found their places at table, the rumour ran half secretly around the hall that the Russian answer had been a compliance, that reasonable terms were within reach, and that there was good assurance of peace. Later in the evening the Foreign Secretary gave authority to the whisper.

If the affairs of an empire could be carried on by the arts that make the after-dinner speaker, Lord Granville would have been a statesman of the first force. The most felicitous speech that he ever made cannot have produced a better effect than the not very felicitous sentence of May 2, in which he declared to the princes, ambassadors, soldiers, and all the rest of the illustrious world before him, his confident belief that nothing would happen to prevent men from continuing works of peace.

On the following Monday, Mr. Gladstone confirmed these good hopes by a specific declaration that Russia had come to an agreement, or was ready to do so, upon the following

points. She was willing to submit to the judgment of the Sovereign of a friendly State the question whether the movements of Komaroff were consistent with the understanding of March 16 between the two Governments: that is to say, whether the understanding made it incumbent on the Russian Government to issue to Komaroff other instructions than those on which he took such remarkable action. That much being settled, there was no reason why the two Governments should not at once resume their communications in London as to the main points of the line for the delimitation of the Afghan frontier. When the main points were settled, then the officers of the two Governments would examine and trace the actual details of the line on the spot. This was on May 4. During the three weeks that have since elapsed the clouds have slowly to some degree gathered again. It was not indeed to be expected that negotiations containing so many elements of detail should go on as if they were a transaction for the sale of a horse. The character of Russia is not good in the British political market. This makes the least delay a source of suspicion and uneasiness. The papers that have been laid before Parliament neither raise the credit of St. Petersburg for sincerity, nor of London for knowingness and foresight. The action of the Czar in sending a sword of honour to General Komaroff created a profound and most justifiable irritation. We do not expect a fine and chivalrous taste in the hard transaction of rough business; it may be that the Czar sent Komaroff his sword to console the military party for seeing submitted to arbitration the question whether the Czar had not broken an agreement in ordering

Komaroff to undertake the exploit for which he decorated him. This may be. It only shows that on one side at any rate the conditions of peace still depend on the simple ethics of a Cossack camp. In all this unpleasant proceeding we are only reaping what we have sown, and undergoing the mortifications incident to a position that was not taken up with full consideration and well-devised preparation.

When these difficulties are all settled, it is obvious that, on the theory of the buffer-State, a more serious and enduring one would remain. Nobody can disguise from himself that when the Afghan frontier is fixed, the Russians will only feel bound to respect it on condition that we make the Afghans respect it. As the Duke of Argyll put this point (May 12), the question of paramount importance is whether, in the absence of complete control over Afghanistan, we are to be practically responsible for their border-quarrels, of which there will be perpetual danger, and which it will be extremely hard to restrain. Opinion moves, for the most part, in one way as to the true policy in view of liabilities of this description. Lord Salisbury said—

"I hope we shall do all we can to conciliate and keep the Ameer of Afghanistan with us and to help him to the utmost of our power to defend his country. But do not let the desire of his friendship lead us into either of those two mistakes—either in making ourselves responsible for any of the excesses which the wild tribes under his control may commit upon his western frontier: nor, on the other hand, can we make any susceptibilities which any Afghan ruler may feel a reason for abstaining from defending, and defending adequately, those positions we may consider absolutely necessary for the strength of our own position."

From the last, as a general proposition, there can be little dissent, though of course there is room for ample difference of opinion, whether military or political, as to the points at which this absolute necessity would begin. On both sides it was agreed, in the course of the debate in the

House of Lords, that Herat is not a very promising scene of British operations. Lord Salisbury is of the same opinion as Lord Kimberley, that "the prospect of defending Herat by British troops is not one which seems to the non-military mind very attractive or very feasible. It may always be possible for us, with assistance in the shape of arms and officers, to assist the Ameer in defending that place, but to defend it ourselves, I confess, seems to me a dangerous undertaking." The Secretary for India had said, with his well-known emphasis, that "the schemes which are put forward to the effect that we should create and make Herat a great Indian or British fortress, to be held by British and Indian troops at a great distance from our frontier, and among a population not under our direct influence, would involve us in great and serious dangers." But, then, Lord Kimberley went on to say that this would "not prevent us from doing what may be done to strengthen the Ameer's position at Herat, and to put the fortifications there in a condition to afford a reasonable amount of security. That is a different thing from making Herat an English frontier fortress." The difference is hardly so plain as we could wish, though we may admit that the two British officers who are now actually in Herat with the full consent of Abdur Rahman may be there in virtue of our obligations to that prince. But, if our policy is to be consistent, the time is sure to come when those obligations will have to be revised. Supposing that, for reasons which it is easy to imagine, from hard roubles down to *force majeure*, an Afghan Ameer were to let the Russians into Herat, it would, in Lord Salisbury's judgment, which most sensible men will not dispute, be "a dangerous undertaking" for us either to turn them out or to prevent them from coming in. We have to face this contingency—of an unfriendly or pro-Russian Ameer. What then would be the policy?

Lord Kimberley has given us the answer. "In that case," he said, "our defence would have to be based on a strictly defensive system within our own lines. One thing is certain—that we ought not to found our policy on the notion that we should construct a frontier line in Central Asia, for which this country would be entirely responsible, several hundreds of miles distant from our base." Here, again, there followed the perilous qualification, arising from the present arrangement: "Of course by an alliance with the Afghans we must undertake a considerable responsibility for that frontier; and we hope that a satisfactory frontier line will be drawn between Russian and Afghan territory. That would render it necessary that some of our officers should be present on that frontier." That is to say, the present alliance plants us in a position from which a change in the Ameer's way of thinking might make it indispensable that we should retreat, yet from which we could certainly not retreat without giving colour to the imputation that we had been worsted and driven back by Russia. Here is the element of danger in the half-policy, or the two-faced and ambiguous policy, to which we are now temporarily committed.

The policy of to-day, we say, can only be temporary. The zone and the buffer have had their day. However the settlement of the Afghan frontier may fall out, it is agreed that "it is impossible for us any longer to have the satisfaction of knowing that we are in an insular position in India." We may not have exactly reached the stage, so long anticipated by Cobden and others, when India and Russia are conterminous, but we are within a measurable distance of such a stage. The Government is framing new propositions in accordance with a new state of things. A project of frontier defence has been approved, and authority has been given for the expenditure of a sum of 5,000,000*l.* on frontier railways and military roads, including the

Quetta railway, which will cost something like 2,000,000*l.* of that sum. Five millions are not supposed to be the final limit, but so much will at least be required for the railway and the military road. It is pretty certain to be found on further examination that further works will have to be undertaken. Lord Dufferin thinks it is a matter for serious consideration whether there should not be strong fortresses on the same line to give our army support. Peshawur, the Indus, and Quetta mark the general direction and the limits of the line. More detailed particulars were laid before the House of Commons by the Indian Under-Secretary, who (May 21) added the information that of the five millions required, a part would fall upon the revenues of India, and a part would be met by a loan to be issued by the Secretary of State with the sanction of Parliament. All this indicates an immense transformation in the position of the Indian Empire. The consequences may be more far-reaching than to careless observers may at first sight appear. The key to internal security in India is thrift. Heavy expenditure means heavy taxation, and that means discontent. The cost of the new frontier must bring with it an augmentation of burdens, as well as the diversion to military defence of funds that might more fruitfully have gone, under a happier star, to the development of the productive resources of the country.

Some futile wrangling is still persisted in upon the vexed question whether the new policy of the Government is not a condemnation of their own proceedings in 1880. The charge is that they are resuming the Quetta railway which they ordered to be abandoned in a fit of triumphant spleen; that this line would have been completed by now; that stores were left to be plundered by the tribes, rails pulled up, and earthworks levelled with the ground—all involving vast waste of money, and still

more serious waste of time. In 1883-4 the error of three years before was admitted, by the orders to resume the work that had been rashly stopped. The answer is, that the two sections of the line, as far as Quetta, were accepted by the new Government in 1880; that the line was not destroyed, nor the buildings dismantled, nor the rails lifted; that very little loss of money was incurred at the time; and that as a result of the re-surveys, and of the consequent improvement of plans, there would be not a loss but a permanent saving.

The announcement of the withdrawal from the Soudan was treated in common opinion as some compensation for the dire financial demand of a vote of credit for eleven millions. For a single instant the public had staggered under the dramatic shock of the fall of Khartoum. The Government unfortunately hurried to a decision under the same influence, but the decision to go to Khartoum had hardly been declared, before it was evident that people had recovered their balance, and that our adventures in the Soudan were rapidly becoming violently unpopular. The troubles in Afghanistan clenched the matter. On the line from Merawi to Dongola 9,000 British troops were stationed. The British authorities had to choose between concentrating this force at Dongola until events had further developed themselves, and withdrawing them to the line of Wadi Halfa as the effective frontier of Egypt. The latter course was adopted. It was more easily adopted on paper than carried out in effect; the movement has hardly begun and will be very slow; and the flight of the population from Dongola threatens unforeseen difficulties. The Mahdi, overtaken by heavy disasters of his own, gives no trouble. The notion of an advance on Khartoum is finally abandoned. As a consequence of this, the expedition to Suakin is abandoned likewise; the unlucky railway will, as part of a military operation, be dropped; and to their own lively

satisfaction, the bulk of the troops are already on their way to less desperate shores. The ultimate fate of Suakin is still undetermined. So is that of Dongola. Sir E. Baring has been instructed to consult the Egyptian Government as to the desirability of establishing some administration in the province of Dongola, or a portion of that province: also, whether it would be desirable to complete the prolongation of the Nile railway, which has been commenced, and whether it may be possible to find any means by which that railway may be completed and worked, as has often been suggested, as a commercial undertaking. The question of the Soudan, therefore, is not by any means a closed book. Foreign Powers cannot be left out of account. Much may depend on the turn of events in Egypt proper. Meanwhile we are grateful for the blessings of the day.

In Egypt proper things look as if a new departure in one direction or another were once more on the point of forcing itself rapidly and even violently upon us. The detention of the Guards at Alexandria, on their way back from their bootless expedition to the shore of the Red Sea, naturally caused considerable commotion at home. The commotion was intensified, rather than lessened, when a story gained circulation and belief that this time it was not Russia but France. It would be rash to attach much importance to such tales as that a rising would be got up in the streets of Alexandria, and that then a force would be landed from French transports, quite fortuitously passing with troops on their way to China. Of course, any French Minister is aware that a manœuvre of this sort would mean a war with Great Britain; not improbably, too, he is aware that, with a general election in his country close at hand, this, in turn, would mean his swift expulsion from power. Be that as it may, France is evidently bent on making things as uncomfortable for us in Egypt as she possibly

can make them. The perorations with which we have been favoured about Egypt are beginning to sound as little substantial as the more familiar perorations to the same tune about Ireland. Only two months ago a young Minister said that if the Financial Convention were once accepted by Parliament, it would be the beginning of a permanent and satisfactory settlement, and he might venture to use the words of our great poet—

“ But look ! the dawn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o’er the skirts of yon high eastern
hill.”

Alas, the Convention has not yet been ratified by the other Governments joined with our own in the international guarantee of the new loan. On this plea, Germany, Austria, Russia and France have compelled the Khedive,—*alias*, Great Britain,—to withdraw the decree imposing a tax on the bondholder according to the terms of the Convention. So odious a piece of chicanery has seldom been perpetrated in European diplomacy, for in fact the protecting Powers had already virtually assented to this particular decree on the part of the Khedive, without reference to the ratification of the international guarantee. Using the same leverage, France and Germany are working against England in the matter of the regulation of the Suez Canal. As to the conditions of the working of the Canal there is no dispute. The question turns upon the body who shall see that these conditions are respected. The French proposal is that a Commission shall be appointed, consisting of representatives of the signatory Powers of the Declaration of London of March, 1885, along with a delegate of the Egyptian Government, and under the presidency of a special delegate of Turkey. The English proposal is that there shall be no body of this kind, but that the Egyptian Government shall take the necessary measures, and that the ordinary agents of the Powers in Egypt shall make it

their business to inform their Governments of any infraction, or danger of infraction, of the Canal Treaty.

The real objects and motives, of which such details as these are only the screen, are not easy to comprehend. That Prince Bismarck should wish to see a quarrel between France, his standing enemy, and England, against whom he is nursing a grudge that will pass, is intelligibly. But the impolicy of France is flagrant. She at any rate can have no object in forcing England to take a firmer grip upon Egypt. Yet that this will naturally be the result of these vexations, is as certain as anything can be. That Great Britain will continue for many months or even weeks longer, to endure a situation which entails nothing but loss and travail upon her, for the benefit of those who for purposes of their own never cease to frustrate her in the work, is not credible nor even conceivable.

Though the Government have successfully surmounted their purely parliamentary difficulties, the most critical of them remains. As the first storms that at so early a period disturbed the ministerial course broke upon them from Ireland, so will the last. The precise nature of the exceptional provisions for preventing and detecting crime which Lord Spencer insists that his colleagues shall require from Parliament, has not yet been divulged. But the battle will be fought, less upon the ground of this or that particular modification of the Crimes Act, than upon the deeper issue whether there should be any special, exceptional, and temporary legislation at all. The opposition will spring from the general maxim, that to persist in exceptional criminal legislation, renewed from time to time, is not worthy of the name of government, and is not compatible with settled and constitutional order. This principle is one that might be accepted equally in two very different quarters. It might be embodied in an amend-

ment that, under certain party conditions, would unite both those who think that criminal procedure in Ireland should be no more rigorous than it is in England, and those who think that Ireland needs to have, not fitful coercion acts, but a standing code of its own marked by its own peculiar severity.

The first session of the present Parliament opened exactly five years ago this week (May 20). The Queen's Speech contained a paragraph on the Peace Preservation Act for Ireland, which expired on the first of the following month. "You will not be asked," the Sovereign was made to say, "to renew it. My desire to avoid the evils of exceptional legislation in abridgment of liberty would not induce me to forego in any degree the performance of the first duty of every government in providing for the security of life and property; but while determined to fulfil this sacred obligation, I am persuaded that the loyalty and good sense of my Irish subjects will justify me in relying on the provisions of the ordinary law, firmly administered, for the maintenance of peace and order." Whether the lapse of the Peace Preservation Act had much or anything to do with the agrarian agitation that so speedily followed, is a question that no amount of controversy will settle. What is certain is, that the provisions of that Act were far too mild to have effectively repressed the violent forces that then broke loose over Ireland. In the winter of '80-81 the old turbulence made its appearance, but in a shape that was very moderate when compared with former outbreaks. English newspapers made the most of it, party spirit became very shrill, and the Irish executive lost their heads. Mr. Parnell and other leading agitators were put upon their trial at Dublin, but a conviction was not procured. It was resolved to revert to the time-honoured device of Coercion. The session of 1881 was opened with the announcement that additional

powers would be asked for in the vindication of order and public law. Two bills were introduced, an Arms Bill, and what was called a Bill for the Protection of Life and Property. The latter was one of the most tremendous blunders ever made by any government. It empowered the Irish executive to arrest and detain for an unlimited period and without trial any one whom they should reasonably suspect of being concerned in disorder. This was the first Coercion Bill of the present administration. Between 900 and 1,000 persons were imprisoned at one time, on the fiat of the Lord Lieutenant and his agents; disorder increased, and crime put on a more virulent type. The Land Act had been passed, but the provocation of coercion hindered the tenants and their leaders from realising the boon. The ominous watchword of "No Rent" came into the air. The League proposed test cases for the Land Act—in good faith, as they contended, but really, as the Government feared, with the intention of breaking down the Act. Perhaps the Government were in too great a hurry to put this sinister construction on the doings of the League. In October (1881) they threw Mr. Parnell and others into prison. Matters grew worse. When the session of 1882 opened, the Chief Secretary was forced to admit that coercion had failed. His colleagues resolved to reverse the policy, to release Mr. Parnell and the mass of the suspects, and to try conciliation. A cruel calamity happened. A little gang of obscure conspirators murdered the new Chief Secretary, without knowing and without intending it. The curtain was lifted some nine months afterwards, and we then found out that this great crime was almost an accident. But in the lurid mystery of the hour, it is no wonder that the shock produced the violence of panic. Even Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon admitted that it was necessary to arm the Executive with some special power for dealing with

the secret murder clubs, one of which had just given such horrible evidences of its activity. But the Crime Prevention Bill, which was introduced just three years ago from this month (May 11) went much further than almost anybody expected, and certainly further than anybody of cool judgment could approve. The superfluous and excessive rigour, the misconception, the vexatiousness of many of the provisions of the Crimes Act are established by the fact that so many of them have never been used. There was a vehement struggle for the power of trying prisoners under certain conditions by three judges without a jury. The power has not once been resorted to. The Curfew clause enacts that if a person is out of his place of abode one hour after sunset and before sunrise, under circumstances suggesting a reasonable suspicion of a criminal intent, the constable may arrest him. The clause has been practically useless and unused. The section giving power to the Lord Lieutenant to forfeit newspapers inciting to treason or to acts of violence and intimidation, has kept a few journals from New York out of circulation, but it has been futile against hardly less choice literature of indigenous origin. On one occasion, the Conservatives aided by a contingent of Fitzwilliams, Foljambes, Dundases, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Mr. George Russell, and others, actually defeated the Government by inserting a clause empowering search for arms at night. As might have been expected, a provision that was too odious even for the draftsmen of the Irish office, has been virtually a dead letter. Another section provided for the payment of compensation out of the rates for persons murdered or maimed, but power was given of exempting particular lands from liability to contribution. The faculty of exemption was too invidious to be generally exercised, and the large owners of land in their own hands have enjoyed little immunity from paying for vio-

lence which nobody execrates more heartily than themselves. The power of changing the venue, that is of bringing prisoners from the south and west, where convictions are not to be relied upon, to Dublin or to Belfast, is said to be greatly valued. But this power already resides in the Court of Queen's Bench, without special enactment. The right to quarter extra police in disturbed districts at the cost of the ratepayers is conferred by the Act. But the same right, with the difference that only half the cost could be imposed on the locality, already exists by an ordinary statute. Resort to special juries is declared to be indispensable by some Irish officials. Others set greater store on what the Nationalists have styled the Star-Chamber clause, by which a resident magistrate is able to summon and examine witnesses, when an offence has been committed, even though there may be no prisoner before him charged with the offence.

Of all these matters we shall hear enough and more than enough during the next few weeks. The courses open to the British Government seem to have been the following:—1. To renew the Act exactly as it stands. 2. To renew it partially. 3. To let it drop entirely. 4. To renew it for a short term of one or two years. 5. To incorporate the provisions of the Act, or some of them, in the permanent law of the United Kingdom. 6. To incorporate them in permanent laws with exclusive application to Ireland. 7. To sweeten the partial renewal of the Crimes Act by measures of remedial legislation, such as the concession of local self-government, or the facilitation of the purchase of land by the tenants. The Cabinet at first took the course which involves the greatest number of parliamentary difficulties. The Ulster Liberals were disgusted at the omission of a bill for land purchase. Many English Liberals believed that it would have been but right and prudent to gild the pill of coercion with at least

the semblance of remedial legislation. A memorial embodying some of these considerations was presented to the Prime Minister, and he announced a change of intention on the part of the Government. They would do their best to pass a Land Purchase Bill. This announcement is said to have brought on a Ministerial crisis, for some members of the Cabinet believe it impossible to deal with the land question effectually until local bodies have been created who should undertake certain responsibilities for the repayment of advances made from the national exchequer. Some way out of the deadlock will pretty certainly be found, for the prospects alike of the national fortunes abroad and of party combinations at home are too obscure to make any section of the Liberal leaders willing to precipitate a dissolution of their union at an hour when its consequences would certainly be momentous, and might easily prove to be fraught with prolonged disaster.

As for the Crimes Act, the forces against its renewal may not prevail, but they are not insignificant. The Irish Liberals will oppose it. The Liberal who won a seat for County Antrim a few days ago, owed his victory to his promise to resist exceptional legislation. Some English and Scotch Radicals are offended by the paradox of imposing a disciplinary law of exceptional rigour on the same population whom you have just declared to be fit for an immense and decisive extension of political power. The numbers of this group will depend upon the degree of rigour in the revived law: if Lord Spencer asks for much they will be fairly numerous, and if he only asks for enough to allow him to give way with honour, they will be very few. For not very many English and Scotch Radicals seem to perceive that a little coercion is as

hateful to Irishmen by way of symbol, as if it were a great deal. Efforts are known to have been made by the small but powerful group below the gangway on the Tory side to induce the Opposition to commit themselves against the renewal of the Act. It is hardly possible that their efforts should succeed, but the group in question are half expected to act independently and join their forces to the other malcontent elements. There is little chance of a majority being formed against the Act, but there is still less chance of its passing without a considerable party dislocation.

The marvellous composition of the vast and heterogeneous fabric of the Empire, abounding as it does in infinitely varying races and nationalities, only half incorporated in the huge whole, as Ireland is only half incorporated, receives a little illustration in the recent trouble in Canada. The insurrection of the French half-breeds has collapsed with unexpected rapidity. The total number of the half-breeds does not exceed 5,000, and it is believed that not many more than one-tenth of them were concerned in the rising. But the immediate difficulty since the capture of Riel is rather political than military. He and his adherents are French and Catholic. As a contributor reminded us here last month, with significant reference to Canadian loyalty, imperial federation, and other bubbles of the hour, a good third of the population of the Dominion is French and Catholic. To condemn Riel to death would be to provoke a dangerous commotion in the Province of Quebec. On the other hand, attention to the agrarian grievances of his friends, whatever they may amount to, will be secured by the fact that their excitement has infected the Red Indians, who number, not 600, but between 80,000 and 90,000.